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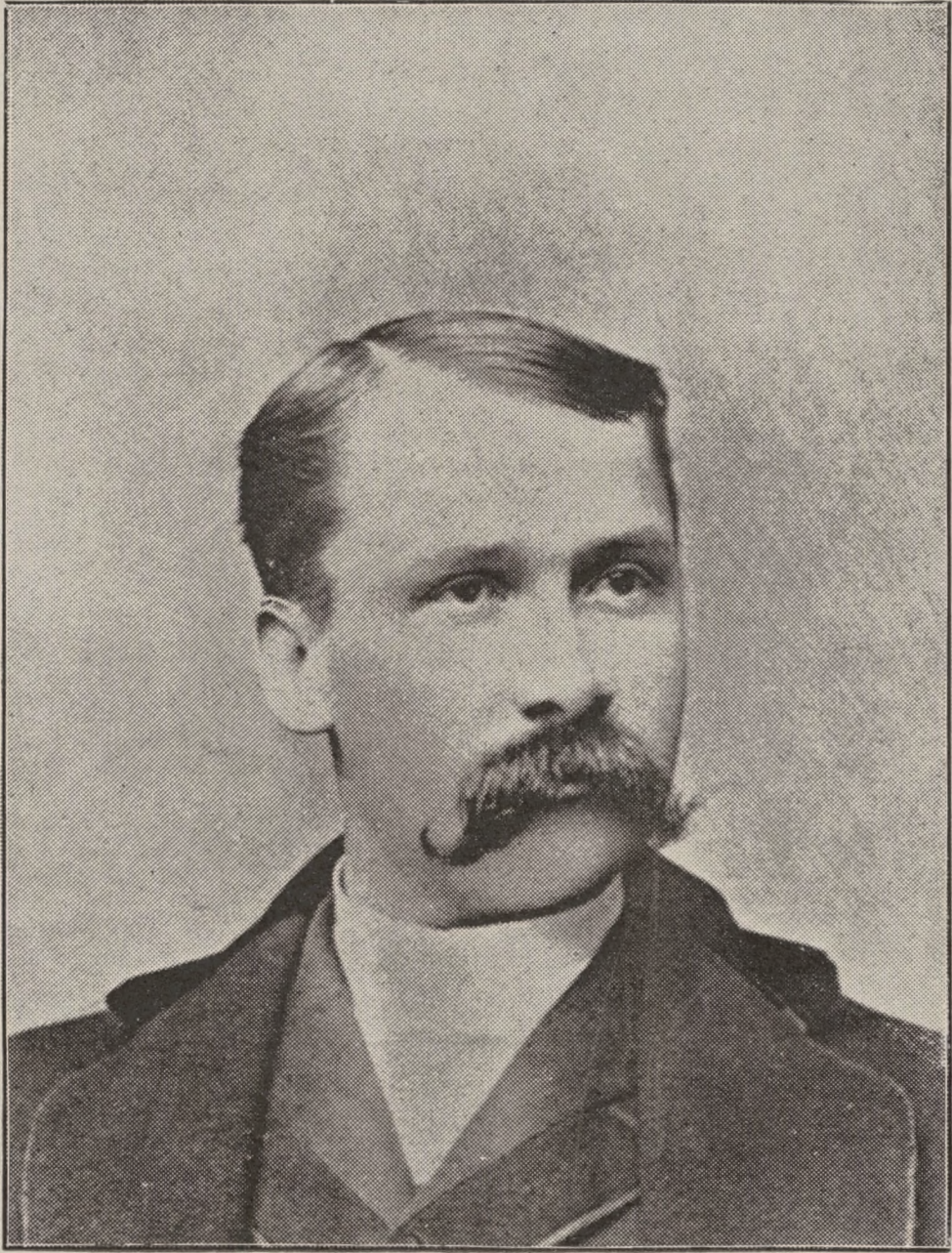
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*The 19th Century
Young Man*
Rev. William H. Myers





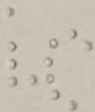
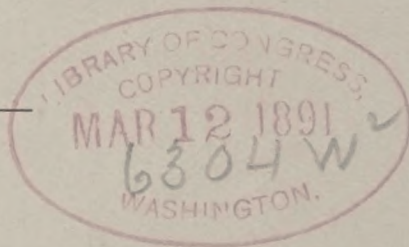
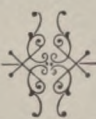


William H. Myers.

THE
19TH CENTURY YOUNG MAN.

A Series of Lectures.

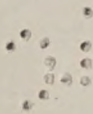
BY THE
REV. WILLIAM H. MYERS,
*Pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa.—Writer of
“At Leisure Papers.”*



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TO THE
KNIGHTS OF THE WARTBURG,

The Young Men's Society

OF

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH, READING, PA.

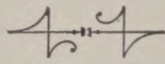
This Book is Affectionately

Dedicated

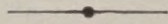
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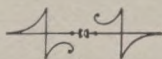
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I.

The 19th Century Young Man.

“THERE are certain great focal points of history toward which the lines of past progress have converged, and from which have radiated the molding influence of the future. Such are the closing years of the *nineteenth century*.”—*Strong*.

“The age and the hour want everything that God included in a *man*.”—*Anonymous*.

THE 19th Century Young Man !

This is the title I have given to my little book. It contains a series of lectures delivered in my church at the evening service, and the throngs of young men that crowded to hear them, gave me the encouragement that they might be of interest to a larger audience. They are portraits from the old-time Bible-gallery, only put into modern frames.

The 19th century young man is nothing so unique that he does not have something in common with the youths of former ages. But whilst the strength and weakness of character are much the same the ages

through, there never yet was a time for the development of extraordinary young men like the present.

Lycurgus, by the vigor of his unwritten laws, aimed to give Sparta a hearty race of men. He took the youths from their homes, and made them the property of the State. Under its eye, the young men were tempered in schools, like the steel in fire—and the name Sparta became the synonym of Heroism. But America, in the closing period of the nineteenth century, has become the radiating centre of the world's progress. It is an open school for all young men to reach the higher learning, and is a vast theatre of action in which, every aspirant can distinguish himself by manly achievements. The course of Empire goes no further, for there are no more New Worlds. Like a flood where it is banked, rises the highest, then recedes—so the progress of history will rise to its highest mark in America, then rebound from its western limit, to bless anew the East with a higher civilization. That young man may call himself fortunate, whose natal-day has dawned upon the closing period of this nineteenth century.

The hour in which we live, and the man for it—is the searching question for the rising youth. It is not all to express admiration for the splendor of our country—mighty perils threaten its future, and we need to

have the men equipped to meet them. Unrestricted immigration will have brought 20,000,000 souls to our shores in the year 1900. From this source come the greater portion of our criminals, and here originate the moral diseases that spread contagion over our native population. Romanism is not in harmony with the fundamental principles of our government—liberty of conscience, free speech, free press, and free schools. The Romanist enters politics as a Romanist, and not as an American. The Pope says—“America is the hope of Rome.” In 1800 about 100,000 strong, in 1884 nearly 7,000,000 strong—what has this to say for American liberties? Socialism is a formidable foe. In its worst form it strikes at private property, all established authority, the right of the State, the sanctity of the family, and the altar of religion. That ecclesiastical despotism—Mormonism—still stands, notwithstanding all the legislation against the presumption of its temporal kingdom. These perils, together with those subtle and insinuating evils that rise from the lap of wealth and luxury, the corrupt influence of politics, the refined vices of society, and the under-life forces of the great city, demand sterling young men for the closing period of the nineteenth century.

Where shall we look for the man suited to the hour? We must find him in the youth, who is at building

character for the generation at our door. We insist that he be reared to citizenship under the moulding influence of the Christian religion. Those principles of the Bible, which our forefathers have woven into the Magna Charta of our Republic, as the warp and woof of national strength, shall also be the binding influence of character in every coming citizen. We look for him in the home of religious refinement. It is Mother who rocks the cradle of nations, and it is Home that builds the bulwarks of national security and greatness. We welcome the young man with his sheepskin, and build largely of our hopes upon his university-scholarship—but it is the *man* we want, more than the astute philosopher. We hail the industrious boy—for we know how much of personal character, and national prosperity, and political integrity, and social purity, lies in the ranks of young men who are employed in trades, and whose skill is the Midas-touch of every material development.

Those young Israelites of ancient times – Moses and Solomon and Samuel—were favored sons. The star of Heaven seemed to rest upon them even in the cradle, and the world could see that God had put a special mark upon them. But others, such as Abimelech, had no clear passport to greatness—they had to fight their way up. How many boys, like this Gideon's son,

have drawbacks to overcome ! For an evil, that they could not help, they may have become the social outcasts, only to be reclaimed again upon their merit, to figure as generals and leaders of the land. How many boys are born with a “golden spoon in their mouth !” —but the morsel of true fame is mostly dipped with the leaden spoon of poverty.

The aristocratic young man ! The term is received with almost universal disfavor in our democratic land. All affectation of high-birth, and plumed pretense of nobility, are importations received with contempt at our ports—here all true men are kings, and all good women are queens. Wealth and birth are favorable circumstances, and the young man who engirdles them with the elements of an active and honest manhood, is bound to be a mighty pillar in the land. But if they miscarry with him, and breed the youth of strutting mien, and aristocratic airs, our civil institutions, and our age have no honors to find in him.

You have heard of that strange anomaly of modern productions, called—the *dude*. Darwin’s idea of the “lost link,” might seem a little plausible when you look upon him. He is a strange freak of nature. That brains should be so sapped of well-poised strength is a misfortune ! That American manhood should be so caricatured is a disgrace. But even a coxcomb

may have his uses. Beau Brummel demonstrated that so-called "society" needs a fool to lead it. Known to London as the greatest fop living, he became the favorite and companion even of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. He rode with the nobility, and was the acknowledged leader of the *haut ton*—the real oracle in matters of dress, fashion, and etiquette. He was this—and the eighteenth century fop-doodle. New York has its Beau Brummel. This class of young men is no part of American greatness. It is neither granite in the base, nor lily-work in the top—it is the effervescing flavor of nothing.

Perhaps it is not too strongly stated—that this is the age of irreverence. Ancient Israel, and all of the great Orient, had deep reverence for the old established things—and the young men bowed with respect before the aged. The swaggering boldness of many of our boys, is making this age one of independent recklessness. The country can expect nothing of those youths who disdain to obey the Scriptural injunction—"rise up before the hoary head."

There is a marching troop of young men, emerging from our great cities, filling every steam-car, and floating-boat, and scattering throughout all the towns and cross-roads of the land. They are commonly styled—the "drummers." What an influence they

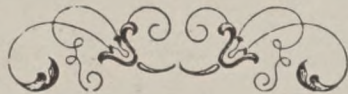
carry with them ! With what discipline of self-control, suavity of manners, and polite persistency of argument, they ply their trade ! They are the winged messengers of the great commercial centers—and are the exponents of commercial alertness and integrity. God save the man in the commercial traveller ! Give him strength of honor, and sobriety of character. May the love of home, keep him within the bounds of safe and virtuous wanderings, and may the influence of his sunny character be as wholesome for his country, as the tact of his bright intelligence is useful for his trade.

Our schools and universities mass a mighty army of young men. May Heaven favor us in the perpetuity of our free and popular institutions !—in the intelligence of the masses lies the security of our nation. We laud the intellect of the country, for by it the surging phalanx of humanity shall be marshalled into order, inspired into a sympathy of common interest, made to move in the graces of refinement, reflecting a lofty character of national-being to all the worlds and ages. Young man, I am with you under the glow of the student-lamp. Lay up your store of useful knowledge, be equipped with virtue's principles—the nineteenth century has use for the scholar. Some time again, we will gather home to the hall of learn-

ing, and under the shadow of our old professor's chair,
we will muse in the words of Holmes—

“ Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen ;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ? ”

“ Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, The Boys ! ”



II.

The Rich Young Man.

JESUS said unto him, if thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.—*Matt. 19: 21, 22.*

THREE golden realms, young man !

Measure your steps—they lie only in one direction. If you enter by their portals, your life will have rounded out into the full measure of manhood. They are respectability, usefulness and happiness.

There are false guides to the aims and ambitions of young men. They point to the bewitching splendor of mere material triumphs, and lure the early step aside to things that dazzle, excite, and please for a little while, and then—vanish away. The true road leads through honesty, industry, sobriety and religion, and lands the young aspirant in the realm of highest earthly attainment.

We spend much time in the study of lives that are completed—but we ought to give more attention to

the lives that are at making. Look at the thousands of boys who are growing up all around us, and the millions of youths who stand ready in our land to shape the destiny of the coming generations. As you shape their character, so will you shape the future history of families and nations. It matters not what has been said to the young men in the past, every year brings an army of them to ripeness, and good advice, upon the threshold of their career, is demanded of those who have learned by experience. Then, too, the age has changed, and new men, with more enlarged equipment are needed for the present hour.

Many young men have good motives. They aspire to be the best and do the best. Oh, for a myriad phalanx of them in our land ! Such a youth is referred to in our text. He had cultivated the very best qualities of character, but he mistrusted that there might be something more needed under the code of the new Teacher. So he came to Jesus and inquired : "What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" This is the burning question for all young men starting out in life. How many, through a false pride, play shy of church and religion ! They think it manly not to be in need of Christ and salvation, and they look upon all questions of their soul, as partaking of the sentimental. They do ask : "What

thing shall I do, that I may have—power, fame, pleasure, riches”—but forget the paramount attainment—“that I may have eternal life!”

There was much in this young man's favor. He had youth. Talk about the prime of life, and the glory of old age as much as you please—the sunny days and golden dreams lie in youth. The young heart covets no society with grief—it revels in the radiancy of hope, and darts forth in the spring-beauty of life. How much of future success lies wrapped up within the boundaries of youth! It is yours but once, and when it is all aglow with blossoms, even with ripening fruit of early greatness and startling achievements—what a spectacle to behold! There never was, in any age, such a bid for young men to the more responsible positions of Finance and State, as to-day. Wall street has entirely changed its personnel within the last decade or two. Old men have been displaced, and the gigantic operations of the money-market are almost altogether in the hands of young men. Large business-firms, banks and trust-companies, learned posts of the professions and exalted places in politics and government, are graced to a great extent by young men. The aged will tell you—this, young men, is your time!

He had good health. He came *running* to the

Master—poor health drags along. One of the elements of manhood is *muscle*. I am not now applauding the knights of the ring, and commending the pugilistic endowments of a Sullivan. But a perfect physical development lies also in the ideal plan of the Creator's mind. A young man has gained very little when he walks out of college, with a sheepskin under his arm, half-tottering with a wasted body. Beautiful to behold, that young wings are set for a lofty flight—but all thy brilliant attainments, and noble fires of ambition, will not take thee any further than nature can go.

“ Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed ;
Pale, o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr-student faded, and—expired.”

The world needs young men of muscular development. Character, genius and intellect must have the solid masonry of health to stand on, and must be encased in the brass frame-work of healthy nerves and stiffened muscles. When the intellectual fires get up their steam, the machinery must stand on solid rock. Mighty brains of earth have shattered their physical organizations, and had to stop their labors before rightly begun—had to bury their genius early to save their bodies. Temperate habits, young men, are better

than all the arcana of the druggist in a later day. They become illustrious, and the kings of the land, who have great plans, and the power to execute them.

He was polite. He came with courteous demeanor to the Saviour. He was not a fop, who learned his bow from the dancing master, and who thought that politeness consisted in a fashionable pronunciation and a certain accomplishment of manners. Politeness goes very far in this world, and as Emerson says—“Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.” It is one of the estimates of a true gentleman, and Cowper gives the measure of him, when he says—

“ A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me ; and no other can.”

Genuine politeness is sadly wanting in our youth—it is not a part of breeding. It has more than commercial value, where outward courtesy may be politic only, for the sake of the dollar. Genuine politeness grows up in Christian soil. It is the offspring of the good-will announced at the birth of Christ. To be truly courteous is to make yourself agreeable to every one you meet, and to respect the feelings of all people whether of high or low birth.

He had good social standing. He was well thought of in his town, and the citizens made him a magis-

trate, a sort of a Justice of the Peace. It pays a young man to be highly respected in the community. The occasion often arises when the general character of a youth is to decide his passport to place and influence. The first question generally is—"Well, how does he stand at home?" It is a mistake to think that the good opinion of other people has nothing to do with our happiness and success in life. Only the fool-hardy young man will defy the eyes of other people. High birth and favorable circumstance of life is not all, that is only something—respectability is more. How fortunate is that young man who has the esteem of his neighbors! who is proud of his good standing among his people, yet is not haughty.

He was educated. That he secured a place of prominence, and could argue so well with the Saviour, showed that he had intellectual training. Learning does not belong to the professionals only, every young man, in this day, ought to aspire to mental power. It will not do for the young man of this age to have others think and reason for him—he must frame ideas of his own. Nor must he be satisfied with a superficial learning, just enough to take him through the problem of addition and subtraction in money-getting. He must be a sort of a universal scholar,—lift himself up to the delights of a higher literature,

and out into the wider sphere of practical knowledge. In this country poverty is no insurmountable barrier in the road to learning. Look to the men who have risen to fame and usefulness by their first lessons, studied in the glow of the log-fire. Physical infirmity is no barrier, when the blind Homer, Ossian and Milton have become the immortal poets, the blind Gambassio the immortal sculptor; the blind Prescott the immortal historian; the club-footed Walter Scott the immortal novelist, the stuttering Demosthenes the immortal orator; the humpbacked slave, the immortal Æsop.

He had a good moral character. The Saviour pointed him to the necessity of keeping the commandments. "All these have I kept from my youth up—what lack I yet?" was his triumphant reply. I like that self-respect in a young man which puts him on his good behavior, and keeps him in the path of virtue and honor. The temptations of that day were many-sided, and especially prolific around the seat of public office. But this young ruler could say: "I stooped to no bribe, and hid no immoral wrongs beneath my robe." It is not all of perfection to be moral—but it is far in the road of Christian attainment to have an irreproachable character.

He was rich. What an advantage a good and sen-

sible young man has, who can start life with ready capital. He even had "great possessions." He no doubt had houses and lands, flocks of sheep, camels and asses. He perhaps had vineyards and mines, and even ships upon the distant waters. - Stewarts and underlings were fed of his bounty—an army of them. He was a marked young man, and with so much wealth at his disposal, he originated great schemes and carried on great enterprises. He did all this with a conscious strictness of honesty and honor—and no one envied him his riches. Often, however, a fortune to the young is a misfortune.

How he lacked in one particular. Amiable, upright and pure—this Young Ruler nevertheless lacked one thing. All else being right, there is always one hindrance in our way—one flaw in our character—one bitter drop in the cup of our joy. Christ saw a weakness deep down, and to show that his profession of thorough consecration and willing surrender to all that Christ might demand, was not possible in his state of heart, he exposed it. He was sincere after a manner, and yet he was not—and sincerity is gospel perfection.

His great hindrance was his riches. It never was a sin to be rich. To taint wealth with a vilifying breath is to sin against God. For the Maker himself pro-

nounced it good, when He so fashioned the earth with its fulness, the elements, all land, and the sea that they readily can be converted into gold. When wealth stands for shelter, food and clothing,—education and culture—the arts and the sciences—for spiritual need, and the diffusing of truth—it is a blessing we cannot fully appreciate. But wealth for voluptuousness, pride, and every curse against the poor and oppressed, teaches us this—that riches represent all vices, as well as all values. God made many of His saints rich in this world's goods. The trouble with this young man was that he had set his heart upon his riches.

He had inherited this money, and it was not wrong for him to take good care of it. So many young men fall heir to a fortune and squander it in sin. I have charity enough to say also that Christ made a most sweeping demand. Supposing you had received such great possessions, and experienced that they had brought you much attention of men, given you great standing in the community, and invested you with unlimited power in the commercial world—would you not be loath to part with them, even in exchange for religion? Poor human nature!

Christ did not mean to make this to be the loftiest ideal of human life, that we shall leave all we love, all duties, all affections, all charities of home and be-

come ascetic and celibate. He knows what inspirations lie in a young life along the line of money-making and fame-getting—and He did not altogether declare them a sin. He did not say to the well-to-do Lazarus of Bethany—"give up thy wealth!" He did not say—leave this beautiful hill-side home, the loving care of your sisters, and the ancestral shade-trees of your pleasure-walks, and embrace poverty. Christ himself loved pleasant company, and something good to eat and drink. He dined with the Pharisees and the sinners to give proof that a religious life is not to be a gloomy monastery. If we would be perfect, it is true, we must part with much that we love—but Christ did not strike so much at the *wealth* of the Young Ruler, as at the absorbing love for it, which placed the Cross and salvation only second in his heart. Christ did not lay down the principle that, when by honest industry a man has amassed a fortune, in order to become a Christian, he must with one sweep give it all away. He shall give to God, first of all, an honest and sincere heart. His heart consecrated, his money will be consecrated also.

How he stood the test. Picture the young man standing before Christ. He thinks—his eyes cast to the ground—decides! He goes away sorrowfully, for he cannot give up his riches, and he can almost not

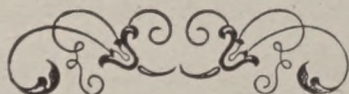
give up Christ. But, halting after the first step, he soliloquizes: "I cant be a whole Christian—and a hypocrite I will not be!" So he goes. He goes away reluctantly, however. How many young men have been ruined who have done sin reluctantly. Christ looked lovingly after that young man—and so do you. There was so much beauty in his character, so much that was acceptable to God and to man, that we are almost willing to construe the applied argument into his salvation. "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?—You know the commandments; *keep* them: *they* are the way to life.—These *have* I kept." Might not the demand upon his riches be construed into the question of *perfection* purely, aside of the question of *salvation* decided in the first answer? Be that as it may, one thing is sure—a young man can be gentlemanly, honest, honorable and moral, and yet not be a cross-bearer, and a follower of Christ.

The Divine Teacher brands that man a fool, who "layeth up treasures for himself, and is not rich toward God." It ought to be the discipline of every young man's heart to have feeling and sympathy for the needs of humanity. Increasing riches ought not to petrify the tender heart. As the purse grows, the soul ought not to dwarf. It can become a disease of our nature—this stingy, hoarding greed of money.

Oh ! for the *grace* of giving—it is a grace. Oh ! for the serene pleasure of that man who has princely liberty in the midst of princely wealth—a master of wealth, not its slave. You need not sell all that you have, perhaps—but a rich man can't get the truth for nothing. If pressing need of charity be about thee, sell what thou canst spare, give of thy superfluities.

“Thou shalt have treasure in heaven.” What an exchange ! But think more closely of the alternative of such riches. Boast of thy luxurious home, stocked with books, and manuscripts, and works of art, and musical instruments, and exhilarating wines, and all things that induce to refinement and pleasure. Call them thy treasures—rich young man. There is a Mansion in Heaven for thee, and even the angels dare not tell in words, the beauty and delights that await thee there. What are these earthly jewels, as compared to the marriage-ring for the feast, and the crown for the throne up there ! What are thy garments of purple and blue, compared to the white robe beyond ! What are thy stocks and bonds and treasures of gold, compared to the kingdoms of wealth above ! There—are treasures beyond compare—health so perfect, joys so pure, friendships so true—life eternal. Your treasures in Heaven ! Yes, the dear chil-

dren gone before will be given back to you. All of your fond relationships of earth will be restored with a blessed immortality. Out of the casket of death, lined with the bright hope of Christ's resurrection, will they be lifted to you—these treasures. Heaven, your home—Jesus, your King—eternal hallelujahs your vocation. Your treasures !



III.

The Fast Young Man.

Absalom said moreover, Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice.—*2 Samuel 15: 4.*

THE fast young man of to-day !
His prototype I find in Absalom of ancient times. The handsomest youth in all the land of Israel was he—"from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." Princely beauty ! His form of matchless symmetry was heightened with grace by the distinguishing mark of a most extraordinary luxuriance of hair. Glossy silken curls, that were shorn once a year, and were reported by mouth of Judea's daughters, to have pulled the scales at four pounds.

Absalom was of royal blood, and the pet of his distinguished father, king David. He had high mettle in him, and bore himself with courtly manners, and strangely dazzled the eye of the Jerusalemites and the

throne. With plenty of money at command, a loving indulgence from his parents, and flattered on all sides for his bewitching splendor, he had a ready passport to his evil propensities in the downward course to ruin.

With all these God-given gifts in his favor, he was *a fast young man*. How many sons of noble birth and rich descent are "void of understanding"! Golden opportunities and often brilliant attainments only make more potent the intriguing heart that lies hid beneath the honeyed and patronizing words of my text. But he is found in every circle of acquaintance. Even the store and the workshop know him by his smelling unguents and sporting airs.

What a reproach to the young man who goes labeled through the world—*he is fast!* It is an element of highest attainment to be sought after in some things. Behold! how the iron-braced prow scatters, mountain-high, the spray of the angry waves. The Teutonic and City of New York are vying in speed over the Atlantic to win the title of the fastest steamer. Forenzi and Salvator are neck and neck in their lightning dash over the race-course to win the applause of the fastest horse. It will do for boats and horses to be fast—but not young men. A fast age we live in, and things go by electricity and steam as never before.

What a glorious and exciting time to live in ! Discoveries and inventions lift us up, and fairly whirl us along upon the wheel of progress. It makes the blood tingle to feel how fast we go by the skill and genius of the day. But, alas ! the young men catch the spirit of the age, and they go fast too, often fast the wrong way. It takes a shorter time to smash up manhood now than a century ago. We are railroading down grade, as well as up grade. How fast they go to crime, shame and ruin !

Absalom away from his home. The young prince was held a little in check when under his father's eye : but he did the trick of getting his own way by outwardly honoring his parent to ask leave for it. He had a way of getting around his father, which the youth of the present age has not forgotten. But one day he committed a high crime—he instigated his servants to kill his half-brother. He fled down to Ges-hur, and tarried there three years. He was in a bad school away from home-restraints. One wrong deed has sent many a boy out into the world, down to ruin.

That boy of ten and twelve who loves to spend his evenings away from home, is starting out on the fast road. Go and find him—he lounges around the door of the lion's trap. He may be sitting on the country store-box, and whittling with his barlow knife, and

telling stories to his companions in the moon-shine ; or he may be hanging around the low-place theatre, and smoking cigarets with his spoiled fellows in the glare of the electric light—he is learning to be fast. A little older, and home has grown dull—it is too nice and too pure. He would learn his trade in the city, just to get away from the fireside that kept him warm and good. Follow him. Soon you see him loafing around the street-corner, a young man made conspicuous by broad-striped clothes, twisted moustache, and a serpentine cane. He sweetly warbles the latest opera tune, swears a few of his club-chum's oaths, and flings jests at decent and indecent girls that pass by. Parents of wealth, who seek their winter amusements, and take their summer jaunts, often give their boys a pocket full of money and send them out upon their own way. The fashionable seaside hotel gives the story of the fast young man who is away from home-restraints.

When home has no longer any music and beauty to charm the young man—beware !

Absalom turns his back to church. That royal father, David, spoke of the tabernacles of the Lord as amiable, and longed, even fainted, to enter their courts. It was his holy recreation to write hymns for the musicians and singers of the temple. Very likely

this pious king often took his boy Absalom by the hand, and led him up to Zion, and told him of the grand designs he had for building a house of worship to Jehovah. But do you ever hear of this handsome prince expressing a favorable sentiment for God's house? Where is it told us that Absalom waited upon the Lord in his temple? The nearest thing to a religious act that he ever did was to build himself a monumental tombstone.

The fast young man despises the prayers of his sainted mother, and turns away from the sanctuary that his father loved. Who can calculate the worth of the church to character! It will be Sodom in Palestine, and Sodom in the life of the young man, when the church is cast overboard. These spires that point heavenward all over the land are the conspicuous signals that the country is safe. The church is the mighty conservator of national greatness, more than its laws. The young man who will remain true to its altars will have an effectual safeguard against his downward tendencies. But let him once turn his back to the House of God, and forget the holy vows made there, he soon will be in the way of the scorner who tramples every sacred thing of church, home and heart under foot. He stretches and yawns on the Lord's Holy Day, because business, the theatre, the dance, and worldly

excitements in general, are shut against him. The church-bell peals in vain to his ear, and he lolls away the sacred hours by sleep, or by the flashy romance, and drives ennui from the dragging night, by carousing with his friends.

Who dare despise the influences of the church when the greatest minds have espoused its cause, and ascribed their best happiness to the continued ministrations of the sanctuary? The most available clerks, and most successful business young men, come from the ranks of those who are active in the church. That young man who walks not by the moralities and principles of the Christian religion will soon switch off from a correct life, and take a fast road to ruin.

Absalom got into bad habits. This young prince had a special fondness to make grand feasts. There generally lay a dark plot in the back ground of them. He had the proclivities of a club-man. We know pretty well the habits of the club-man of to-day. The screened rooms where our boys meet, almost nightly, in social conclave, are laying a sandy foundation of character. The atmosphere in them is poisonous— young men there learn mostly to drink and to gamble. Absalom generally made his guests drunk with the best brands of wine, and then he sprung his pernicious plans of vice and crime.

He went a step further—he got into politics. He had his private barbers do up his hair most handsomely every morning, put on his most striking apparel, and then stood early by the gate, and button-holed every farmer that came in to bear his grievances to the king. He even embraced and kissed every son of toil, and told him how he would do if chance would ever put him into office. Young men, that is about the character of politics. There is so much tall lying going on within its domain, and such dishonest dealing! The cunning sharpness that is needed to make equivocal promises, and then give unequivocal neglect to them, is very damaging to the morals of character. The kind of game a man learns to play in politics is apt to taint his motives and actions also in private and public matters. Yet, the genius of our government demands that politics be our earnest solicitude. We pray, give us good and experienced men to take hold of the helm of politics—but spare the young man. Only the Daniels can come out of this lion's den unharmed. What an honor, that you a young man should be styled *a ward politician*! Why I would rather be an honest rag-picker, than a certain kind of a ward politician. What do you reap for your ambition in such menial service as is exacted here? In a few years the story is told of

many a young man—by the bloated face he wears, by the company he keeps, by the professional and business opportunities he has neglected. Aspire to be a man first, with character ripened in other spheres, and if politics seeks you then, accept office.

He even went a step further—he made an open exhibition of his lust. His lewd and wicked act in the tent upon the house-top, for all Israel to see, showed that he was a frequenter of the house of the designing woman. Young man, beware of the gilded palace of the strange woman ! Let the fool smack his lips over the cup he drinks in the beginning—at the last, licentiousness will sting with pain and shame. There are Absaloms to-day, who are brazen enough to boast of their sin, and parade it before the world. Others seek to hide their shame. Young man, it is a poor beginning in your profession, in your business, in your trade—and it is no secret, the story is out. Even the night cab-man will forget his bribe, and tell strange things of the single and married man.

Absalom was fond of display, and lavishly spent his money, He affected the airs of a prince. He had chariots built of a most magnificent style ; he had horses imported, a novelty to the Hebrew people ; he harnessed them in the glitter of gold ; he dressed in rich livery fifty able bodied men, after the manner of

the royal guard—and then he dashed forth upon the crowded streets, with these avant couriers running ahead of him, crying—“Ho! prepare the way—Absalom! Absalom!” And the pilgrims and the citizens stood gazing at this splendid pageantry, and said—“Is this Absalom!” So he lavishly spent his father’s money.

The fast young man is always *loud*—loud in his dress, he is ablaze with jewelry; loud in his talk, he is pompous with empty boasting; loud in his manners, he struts with consequential demeanor. He spends money fast. Any fool can spend money in this way when it is given to him, and he need not work for it. Even though he squanders the wages of his own toil, it is censurable. He seldom pays his bills, and the tradesmen have combined against him in self-protection.

The fast young man is no merchant-prince—he mostly is an underling of a small salary. But his habits are costly luxuries in a year. At first it is not his intention to become so wayward and so extravagant. But when once in the drift of the wicked current, the sail downward is a fast and inevitable one. Tempted into the trap, he sticks fast in the meshes. He is in for it. Delilah too is treacherous, and she will sap the last vestige of integrity, honor

and manhood. The salary does not reach, for all the leeches of bad habit cry—give! give! Gambling, forgery or embezzlement are his only reserve. He enters Wall Street, and follows the *ignis fatuus* of speculation, fails in his pursuit, and goes to ruin. He robs the bank, doctors the accounts, is exposed, and plunges into eternity.

Look at these flaunting vices, these amusements with painted banners unfurled, these dens of iniquity brilliant with colors and music—who sustains them? The fast young man from the country-fireside, and the indulgent city-home. How wickedly all this money is spent! It might have relieved the pinching poverty of a widowed mother in her meager hovel; it might have brought a flush of joy into the blanched cheek of a young wife, and given comfort, clothing and education to her darling children; it might have bought a home, secured investments, and established a manly character. Alas! the anchor is lost, the moorings too—and down goes the ship. The worst of it is, it goes down with all it has on board.

Absalom soon fell into reckless crime. The culmination of his depraved nature was reached in the bloody schemes to win the throne. At last the hellish plans were ripe, the opposing armies clashed in war, and down with the liege intriguer went Ahithophel,

the Bismark of Israel, and with him 20,000 brave men. Treason! History holds in disdain forever the ignominy that clouds the name of the man who turned traitor to his country. But he was more than this, he was traitor to the most sacred relations of human existence—he stealthily sharpened his sword against his father.

“ Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either’s purpose.”

What depths of fallen nature are these, when the son of a good and illustrious parent will lose all the in-born instincts of a child against the parent who blindly yearned—

“ For while the treason I detest,
The traitor still I love ! ”

But this is the transformation of character in the young man who has come to be fast. Those cords, that with golden beauty, hold the heart of youth to the sweet relationships of a father’s home, are broken. The rotten tendrils of love have twined around the portals of other places. He can read the plaintive letter from the old homestead, without a thrill, and hear the appeals of parents in want with never an emotion. Is the young spendthrift in straits, he can wander back to his parental roof without a tinge of shame upon his cheek, and devour the hard-earned bread of

his father's table in indolence. Has he by his smart ways, pleasing manners, and fair promises duped the girl of a good home into marriage ; is she a mother, and now in want with her little offspring, he will not care for them, only the old folks at home. With such a son the aged people are always in distress. The bowed-down father must often turn his steps to town to get his wayward boy out of scrapes. He stands security for him, mortgages his property in his old days to pay his bills, and many a time has to plead before the bars of earth and Heaven to save his son from jail and the gallows. Oh ! it is a great mystery, this depravity of the fast young man.

Absalom very early came to his judgment. It is true the sudden rise of a hostile army, with this intrepid, treacherous, and parricidal son at its head, threw consternation into Jerusalem. The aged king fled his palace on Mount Zion ; his family, servants, officers, councillors, and the brave six hundred followed, and after them the wives, the children, the aged and infirm,—all fled as fugitives from a conquering king. David, however, rallied in the hills of Gilead, and down from Mahanaim's heights he saw his army march to battle with the iron-hearted Joab at its head. The troops met in fierce array, the conflict soon over, and the rebel hosts defeated. How they wildly retreated !

and straying in wild gallop upon his mule, Absalom darts under the Bashan oaks. His floating hair whip around a lowering branch, the beast gallops on—Absalom hangs. Ten young men dispatch him, cut him down, and cast his carcass into a pit.

Alas, the fast young man ! He hardly lives out half his life. Speedily he comes to judgment. No appeal to prudence, reason, conscience or eternal retribution will do. He goes on distorting the graces of his body, besotting the gifts of his mind, and squandering the privileges of his youth, until by impetuous insanity he has rushed to the terrors of his doom.

In the end, he breaks his father's heart. David, who once fleet of foot, escaped the demon-hunt of Saul, routed the lion with a shepherd's crook, slew the giant with a pebble-stone, now sits in the gate of Mahanaim, his silvered brow bent in grief. To the captain Joab he tenderly cries, as he mounts his war-steed for the affray: "*Gently, gently*, for my sake, with the boy Absalom." The sun sinks low, and yet he waits. The trumpet sounds retreat, and soon the running messenger comes. David's passionate love yearns for news about the safety of his unworthy son. The second messenger is a barbed arrow that shoots over the plain, and in the gate it pierces that aged heart. Groaning, he goes up into the watchman's

tower: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" At last before the pall he stands—draw the curtain, and leave the living with the dead. The deeps of soul-agony are over!

"And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep."



IV.

The Young Man Gone to the Dogs.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.—*St. Luke 15: 15, 16.*

“**G**ONE to the dogs!”

Sitting with an aged sire on the hotel-piazza down by the sea, I was entertained with a most fascinating history of a certain young man. His splendid family birth, his precociousness in learning, his flattering start in life, his social eclat, his financial success, were detailed to me with a gracious savor. The climax reached, the good-natured gentleman turned to me with a mellow pathos in his voice, saying: “Since then, that young man has gone to the dogs!”

The sudden collapse of a brilliant life, so characteristically described in a few words, hung that phrase upon my ears with a weird and prolonged intonation —“gone to the dogs!—gone to the dogs!” Nor is

it an inelegant phrase just because it missed the polishing stone. Its rough-hewn imagery sets out in bold relief the picture it would display.

It places a stigma upon the dog to begin with—does he deserve it? There is no pleasanter sight to behold in oriental life, than a flock of snow-white sheep, scattered over the green meadow, the shepherd sitting on the soft turf, playing his lute—and his faithful shaggy dog by his side. The intelligent and brave shepherd-dog, and the light and beautiful greyhound of old-time Bible-scenes, are not so to be despised. The stigma rather rests upon that race of curs, which were half-domesticated wolves and jackals, the scavengers of streets and dunghills—unclean, savage and hungry brutes, devouring the bodies of the dead, and tearing to pieces the bodies of the living. Scripture makes use of the depraved instinct and practice of these curs, to point out certain conditions of human nature. A man lost to all modesty, guilty of wicked abominations, brutish in appetite and taste, divested of all feeling, and a sort of a civilized cannibal—was called a dog. Whence perhaps has arisen the phrase—“gone to the dogs!”—fallen to the instincts and life of a brute-scavenger in the grade of human character.

The Prodigal answers so well to the style of young man we have in view, that we will select him for por-

trayal. You interpose—"then, you ought to say—a young man gone to the *swine!*" That is true, but we are using a popular modern phrase, which means about the same. It is always a bad sign when a young man wants to get away from a good home. If it be a hovel, reeking in vice, and governed by cruelty, there is a good excuse. But here is a country-mansion of pleasant appointments, looking out over miles of land—all its own, and its fields waving with plenty. The oriental home of a country nabob! If the artist be right, its exterior was raised in polish stone, with a veranda extending along the sunny-side, and fluted pillars supporting its shady roof, gardens laid out before it, with spreading palms, and creeping vines, and towering cedars, and spouting fountains, and swimming swans, and birds of paradise. It is more than the country house of the mufti of Tocat, of which Amos writes. Refinement too pervaded it—for later we discover that maidens, skilled in music and the dance, were among its regular luxuries; richly embroidered robes, of foreign texture, used for festal occasions, were among its possessions; jewelry, from which to select a ring, were among its superfluities. Disciplined menials at command within, hirelings without; table bending with the firstlings of the flock, the most luscious of the vineyard, the daintiest from foreign lands,

and pouring with sample wines of Lebanon, and Cyprus, and Samos, and Tenedos and Muscatel of Smyrna brands. The barns stocked with cattle, and camels and asses, and the hillsides fleecy with sheep—a vault of gold in the cellar. A young man never had a better home, and a kinder father.

This profligate son had a very wrong idea of life. He was a jovial boy—his after life indicates this. He was a sort of a wag in the house no doubt, and his father would often join the farm-hands in laughter over his tricks, and pleasingly assert—“a smart boy!” But a certain kind of smartness in boys is a bad ingredient, and they never turn out well who treat life simply as a joke, who give not one look to the days before them, with some degree of serious thought.

He was a boy full of the adventurous spirit—ever dreaming of the “far off country.” He had a longing desire to go out to see the world. He often, of an evening, sat by to listen to the stories of his father’s tradesmen, as they paid their yearly visit from distant lands and seas. Their descriptions of strange sights thrilled him. Then too he read by the blazing chimney-fire the flashy novels of the orient, the ancient cow-boy stories, and travels of exciting adventure—so he longed to get out into the world. Nor did he for a moment think, much less care, perhaps,

that his parents might grow old, and would need him ; might take sick and die, and had need of a loving burial. Not a tear stole down his cheek at this thought. As for that elder brother, well he was always surly and commanding—he reflected no charms for him. Father managed and toiled to get this glorious plantation together for his boys—he had no grateful thought for that, he will go.

His idea of a manly life was—to be independent. He will throw off the ennui, yoke and dependence of home, and strike out for himself. He craves for freedom—to be away from the parental eye in order to do as he please. Ah !—mistaken youth. The world, and all experience have settled it, that loving dependence, free obedience, and glad and unselfish service are the distinctive marks of sonship—and that these alone bring the best rewards to children. How many a young man who thought the burden at home too heavy, the yoke too hard, rushed out into the world to be servant and slave to tyrants ! Never so rich art thou, as when thou hast a father's love ; never so free as when sharing the bread of his table, and sitting in the shelter of his home. No one is independent—out in the world always dependent. Since then we must live and prosper by the leave of other people ; in the helpless state at least, it is always better to de-

pend on those who love us, than on those who care only for themselves.

“Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and a shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots to thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.”

This young man's idea of attaining happiness in life was transgression. He went out into the world to have, as the boys say, “a rattling good time!” He had no thought of the higher delights of travel. The wonders of nature, the achievements of science, the creations of art, the customs of peoples, did not take him out into the world. It seems this boy's thoughts ran along a low level. He was one of those anomalies of a family that can never be rightly reconciled with the nobler qualities of parents and children. “Where did he get this from?—his father and mother were not so, nor is his elder brother anything like him.” So the neighbors philosophized about that boy. He went out bent on making himself happy by breaking the laws of health and social well-being, when on the face, such transgression bore the evidence of an

inevitable penalty for each sin, and penalties that rushed torrent-like one on top of the other, to cause pain and bring ruin.

The prodigal could not appreciate the value and use of money. This oriental youth was built very much like some of our modern boys, who are overly anxious to get, what they vulgarly style, their "divy." They sometimes have a very wrong thought about their inheritance, and frequently associate it with convenient funerals. So rude are they that they will show an unfilial impatience with the tardy march of a declining parent down to the grave. Says the prodigal: "Father, I can't wait for my share until you die, so give it to me now." That sire divided share and share. He emptied his vaults and gave his recreant son, in gold and valuables, his part, and reserved the farm, no doubt, for his elder brother. It is well to help boys to a start in life. Parents often lock up their wealth until they die, allowing their grown sons and married daughters to struggle for a foothold in vain. They get their share only after golden opportunities have passed forever, and the enthusiasm of their younger days has died away. But on the other hand, young men should not get all their wealth too soon in life—seldom is the youthful character strong enough for sudden prosperity.

Away the prodigal goes! Good-bye! to home—good-bye! to honor and prosperity. Far, far away he goes to do as he please. One day a handsome youth is seen parading the streets of a town in a distant land. His dress indicates that he is a foreigner, and a young man of means. He puts on sporting airs, which soon are noticed, and he makes much of his fine jewelry, and throws down money carelessly wherever he has occasion to spend. He has come abroad for a good time, and he is looking around for congenial chums. It is a pity the respectable young men of that town did not meet him—the drift of his life might have been different. “Birds of a feather flock together,”—and the bad and unprincipled young men see a prize in him. Here the fall begins—bad company. This is the cataract over which many an unsuspecting pleasure-boat has plunged into the devouring gulf. They may have had a pleasant way of approaching the young stranger, considerate for his loneliness, and offering with an air of agreeable manners to show him the sights of the town. Very soon however the vicious propensities, depraved appetites, and corrupt habits asserted themselves, and he found he had cast his lot with the fast young men of the town. There was no longer any chance for social standing left to him—he was judged by the company he kept. His reputation was damaged

right from the start, and as to his character, his associates had that moulded to their taste in a very short time. How soon the heart catches the vileness of another ! Even when you think that contact with a friend, whose vices you do not approve, will never affect you, yet unconsciously you are tainted, if not smutted and ruined. I know of no force in the wide world that will so readily and so speedily blight the hopes, and wreck the life of a young man, as the power of evil associations. All the wickedness drawn in the Old Testament concerning men and their life was caused largely by the influence of bad company. From Eve down to Peter we have the downfalls credited to bad company. If upon the wilted brow of every ragged drunkard, ruined gambler, pale-faced jail-bird, candidate for the gallows, you were to write one sentence, it would be—“*got into bad company.*”

The prodigal soon saw that he was held in no higher thought than his associates—and so he didn't care, and steeped in “riotous living.” You know what is implied in that kind of living. No doubt he became a member of one of those mystical sporting-clubs of the town, whose windows are heavily curtained, and whose doors are locked by an ingenious key. He was always the first to subscribe to the birth-day feasts of his associates, and the last to linger

over the sparkling chalice, filled and refilled to the health of his friends. He was a frequenter of the theatre. He had no taste for the legitimate and more exalting drama—he sat in the procenium-boxes of the flashy, variety shows. The spectacular stage suited his depraved taste. Nor did sleep invite him at the drop of the curtain. With his hilarious companions, he sought the gaming-table. At mid-night he passed in by this gate of hell, and laid his money down on the roulette-table; lost, won—lost and lost again. He left. Next day, to arouse his dejected spirits, he went to the races, bet on the fastest courser, which never won. Night upon him, he visited the darkened street, and frequently rapped at the door of Delilah. His cup was full.

How his money went! He “*wasted* his substance in riotous living.” A sink-hole in the dam will soon empty the largest body of water. The banker one day sent him notice—“Your account is overdrawn.” That was a new revelation to the reckless boy. He bethought himself, then reached to his bosom and plucked a sparkling gem, particularly selected for him by his father on the day he went from home. He pawned his jewelry from time to time. The last precious article that he had about him, may have been a memento hung around his neck and resting upon his

breast—a painted portrait of his mother, all set in jewels, and given to him as the most precious heirloom. He looked at it as it appealed to him in the palm of his hand—but the filial instincts were gone, without one regret of sweet memory, he sacrificed it also in riotous waste.

He soon found himself at his rope's end. The prodigal arose one morning, confronted by the landlord's notice to quit. He stood in the street hesitating, deliberating what to do. Meanwhile his associates passed—but passed coldly by on the other side. They had greeted him as a stranger to town, and been his boon companion in the day of his prosperity—but now, so soon they pass him by. Bankrupt! He lost everything—his money, his credit, his character, his friends. Everything gone, and nothing left, but a nervously used-up body. What will he do? He is just good enough to take care of swine, just respectable enough to eat out of their self-same trough. “And no man gave unto him.” It is the way the devil treats his friends. When he gets them into a hole, he lets them stick. When he has debauched their intellect, despoiled them of their purity, wasted their health, and squandered their wealth—he flatters them no longer, he basely sells them out, and lets them go to the dogs.

Oh, the pitiable depths of such a fall ! How far the road from the pinnacle of such a home down to such an end. The road is far, but down grade goes quick. Many a young man is on this road now. He may not think so—but he is. I know it by the company he walks with, by the habit of life he pursues, by the evil genius that drives him, by the manner of his speech, and the character of his deeds—he is going down to the dogs ! Many a young man has landed there. Lord, what a wreck ! Can he ever be lifted up ? Can he ever retrace his steps, regain his loss and stand in the beauty and purity of youth, which once was his ? A thousand fall—one comes back. So deep and irretrievable is that fall.

But there is hope—the Prodigal came back. He had lost everything—no, he still kept his memory. Resting against the cool side of the rugged boulder in the field one day, with the swine crunching the husks at his feet, the picture of his far away home flashed upon his mind. He seemed at once to smell the sweet fragrance of a harvest on his father's farm ; he saw the sheaves gathered in and piled up in the barn ; he heard the song of the vineyard, as the hirelings gathered the grapes into the press—and he saw them file into that dear old home, sit down to a feast, “with bread enough and to spare,” while he sat alone with

gnawing hunger, waiting to perish. Just then, the picture of that sunny-veranda came back to memory. He saw it as it looked on the morning when he bid the old homestead a cold farewell. There now stood again the form of his father bowed in sorrow, he feels the pressure of his hand as he whimpers an affectionate farewell, he feels the warmth of his tears as they trickle down his cheeks, and those words, last spoken, come back as a draught of cool water to the parched lips: "My boy, when thou art tired wandering in the world, come back to thy father's heart and home." He arose, came back, and sat to a father's feast, in a father's house. Lost—but again reclaimed!



The Young Man of Destiny.

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man.
—*Gen. 39: 2.*

THE young man of destiny!

It was the conviction of the great Napoleon that he was born under a lucky star. He is familiarly styled, "the child of destiny." There is one other figure of history who, even with greater appropriateness, might have received this soubriquet—Joseph, the son of the Patriarch Jacob.

We are not applying the word destiny in its pagan sense, and are not borrowing our belief from the mythology of the Fates. We believe in an overruling Providence as affecting nations and men, and we are thoroughly convinced that individuals are specially selected of God to accomplish certain great ends in the world. Bonaparte to break the feudal-system of Europe, Washington to build up and defend the lib-

erty of America, Luther to shatter the fetters of a false religion, Paul to storm the ramparts of Heathendom—so men are selected of Heaven as instruments, whether of servile ambition or noble virtue, to work out the welfare of the passing ages.

Young man, who can tell but an inevitable destiny may hang over your head. It is not always luck, nor pluck, nor favorable coincidence, nor blind fate, that brings certain men to the front—it is destiny. God makes His instruments out of pliable material. Great men consciously and unconsciously co-operate with God to the working out of plans. The Almighty foresees the crises of history, and prepares for them by the selection of his Pauls and Luthers and Bonapartes and Washingtons, from the cradle. He does not predestine, He, however, has the foreknowledge of men and their unfolding fitness, and He selects and specially consecrates them. Perhaps you, young man, are such a child of destiny, and training under God for some high accomplishment in life! Go out in the ever-unfolding virtues of true manhood to meet your God and your destiny.

Joseph was such a child of providential necessity. God selected the lad out of the valley of Hebron, and ordained that he be more than a shepherd in the tent-life of Mamre—he was to glitter with the regalia

of authority in the palaces of the Pharaohs. Men come into the world, and they bring something with them from which to build up greatness. Genius without work is nothing, and work without genius is only a little more. Joseph had an old head on young shoulders. By his superior qualities of character, though but seventeen years of age, he was made chief-shepherd over his older brethren. How amiable, tender-hearted, truthful and honorable in all his actions! His history is most fascinating from the very point of obscurity to the pinnacle of renown. He had a sad life, and one full of adventure. But he illustrated to the youths of all climes and time, that a good life pays in the end. No compromise of the truth, nor of any virtue of character, did he make for advantage of pleasure, gain or power. God rewards goodness, and goodness is even its own reward. Those who harmed Joseph had the harm to rebound upon their own heads. Those who harbored and honored him, were signally prospered in wealth, life, and fame—all because Joseph was the child of destiny. A good young man is always a safe investment.

Joseph was divinely born. His mother Rachel was barren for twenty years—he was given in answer to prayer. His birth was extraordinary, and the purpose of his life must be extraordinary too. The first advantage

to a young man is, that he be born right. There is a difference in children, because there is a difference in the parents they are born from. We often hear the boast of "good blood." Literally speaking there is no "blue blood," for all blood is red—and there is none worth the boasting of, except genuine Christian blood. If in your veins courses the blood of a line of Christian patriots, your pride of ancestry comes with good grace. It is a blessing to be born of a good mother. When Jacob looked upon "the son of his old age" he saw the eyes of Rachel there, and an outline of face all her own. Joseph had inherited his mother's beauty, and also her piety. To be born of noble and pious parents is more, than to be the child of the worldly rich, and the wickedly great. Better is the inheritance that good parents give you at your birth, than the great inheritance bad parents leave you when they die.

Joseph was divinely protected. Being a pious and prayerful boy, God over-shadowed him with His protecting wings. Envy shot at him—the barbed arrows of his own brethren were fired at him, biting taunts, and sneering mockery, and bloody threats. That "coat of many colors" caused Joseph many a secret sorrow. Whether at home or out in the fields, its princely beauty stirred the jealousy of his brothers—

and they hated him. That he was so lovable he could not help, and that his father doted on his fair boy, was but natural—yet parents ought not so openly show partiality to the favorites of their home, for favorites always are envied. But there is such a difference in boys of the same home—some are only fit to be swept out with the broom by the back door. Think not, young man, that you shall be praised and loved of the world, and escape envy. Your joy shall cast a shadow over the jealous heart, and your excellence breed base slander in a rival's soul. If the devil hate, we can have courage to fight—but when the green-eyed monster lurks within our own home, and hides beneath the robe of our own friends, we hardly are prepared to laugh at the blows. Oh! how Jacob loved that boy, and God loved him too—He was his shield of protection against the darts that flew.

Make not light of the turning-points of your life. Was that a mere coincidence, when the caravan of Ishmaelite-traders passed that way, and Joseph was sold for the price of a slave? Was it the merest chance that Potiphar in Egypt bought the exiled lad, and afterwards made him bailiff of his house, and overseer of all his farms? Remember the child of destiny. He soon made the fields to blossom, and the gardens to bloom, the live-stock to fatten, and

the fishes to multiply. The palace he brightened without, and made it an emporium of art within—"the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake." Potiphar's wife took a daily interest in the dexterous management of this youth. She flattered him, and toyed with his affections, all the while casting adulterous eyes upon his handsome form. Daily she solicited, constantly he refused—a martyrdom. Opportunity some can resist, but *importunity* few can flee from. Joseph fled—he left his mantle in the frenzied grasp of his wanton mistress, and fled. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God." Here retreat was victory, and flight was heroism—and in it all was the strength of God.

Calumny put him into prison—the malicious treachery of a woman cast him into the round-house and the dungeon. Not only was he afflicted with the iron fetter, but with the thoughts of a ruined character. That he should suffer an unjust imprisonment was keen enough, but to feel himself slandered, and his name made a by-word in the mouths of the wicked, was heart-crushing. How many noble ones of earth can tell of the bitter dregs of his experience! But Joseph was divinely protected. He was not killed for his crime, but raised to honor even in prison. He was the child of destiny.

He was divinely endowed. We find young men invested with excellent gifts, their minds enriched with extraordinary qualities, their characters and persons graced with the very dowery of Paradise. You might almost say :

“ More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endowed with all their gifts,”

But the endowment given to Joseph was a special gift of Heaven—he was “a dreamer,” and the interpreter of dreams. Under the surface of a conscious world lies Dream-land, its night-flashes dart toward the supernatural realm. In ancient times, more than now, God walked in the midst of that realm—and few among the mortals had the key of entrance there. The day of special endowments is not passed—for all extraordinary gifts are of God. True, we may not have the dreams of the Pharaohs to interpret, but the wizards of science are among us, the Edisons unlock the door of mystery; and the Müellers of prayer open the windows of Heaven. It is often said of young men—“they are dreamers.” Yes, what visionaries some youths are! They burn with ambitious desire for the future. They sit with hands folded in the idle fancy that something great will turn up for them. They say : “ wait ’til my ship comes over the

sea.” What a vain anticipation of achievements and power and greatness and glory that pass by the house of revery. It is a pleasing pastime, to sit quietly, building “air castles”—but dreamers of such a sort will never be the governors and prime-ministers of Egypt. Life is a real thing, and the victories it has to bestow come by valiant fight. Endowments of mind and body are nothing, if not by assiduous labor developed and applied. How many a young man might be a Joseph, of growing power and influence, if the gifts that God gave him, only were prayerfully cultivated and employed!

He was divinely exalted. Behold Joseph riding in the chariots of the Pharaohs! He is governor over all the land of the Nile, and carries with him the royal seal. Who placed him there? The king may have thought he did it—but Joseph was the child of destiny. What a beautiful web-work is Providence! Its delicate construction and completeness we often see only when it is finished. God foresaw the famine in Egypt, and the need of corn for Israel out of that land. That the sun might shine, and the dew might fall not in vain, upon the heads of the heathen, even God cast around, and brought down from the far off vale of Hebron His chosen agent, to fill the granaries of Egypt. Young man, are you so much of a

believer in Providence, as to be assured that God helps to shape your way of life, and the successes that crown it? Shakespeare would have it :

“ There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Joseph, decked in purple robe, and wielding the golden sceptre, might more religiously have thought of the dungeon and its disgrace, and then exclaimed :

“ Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
his own.”

What a pleasure in the thought of being vindicated ! Potiphar's wife accused him wrongly, and though holy in heart, he was made a debased fellow. A jail-bird ! What preferment can come after that ! But here is the proof, that God's will concerning the pure and innocent is higher than the shame of a prisoner's shackles. A name dishonored, and a character defamed innocently, can outleap the reproach—the good man will be known and honored. Was it not a satisfaction for Joseph to think back to the wrong he suffered at the hands of his brethren, and to find his prayerful submission rewarded ? Was it not a satisfaction for him to realize that the despised slave of Potiphar's house had become the ruler over it, and all the

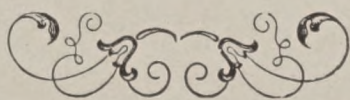
lands. There is pleasure in being honored of men and of use to the world. It is a thing not to be despised, young man, to aspire to power and to fame—but there is true fame and false fame, and only one way that leads to it.

He was divinely restored. It is not so much to the purpose that Joseph was exalted, and decked with honor, as that he was restored again to the sorrowing Jacob. Many boys have broken the hearts of their fathers, and they could have helped it—but Joseph could not, he was the child of destiny. Many years had passed—but the evil those Hebrew brethren did, had not yet been forgotten. How crimes shadow our steps ! the evil will come home to us. When standing in the presence of the unknown Joseph, and wincing under his assumed austerity, they spoke their thoughts one to another : “ we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear ; therefore is this distress come upon us.” Revenge is sweet, but it is a wise heart that can kiss the hand inflicting a wrong, and forgive the deed that has wrought suffering and injury—because God ordained it for good, and wrung the sweet out of the bitter. What a scene, when Joseph revealed himself to his astonished brethren, and wept upon the neck of Benjamin ! What a

scene when the father Jacob stepped down, from the Egyptian wagon that fetched him, and fell into the embrace of his long lost son! He wore not the “coat of many colors” on that day, nor would it have stirred the envy of the guilty brethren any more—he wore the regalia of an Egyptian prince as he led Israel into the land of Goshen. Oh! beautiful family reunions! I love to think of the time, when the wagons shall land us on the borders of the heavenly Goshen, and the divided streams of home shall come together again.

I want to commend to you, young men, the praiseworthy act of Joseph, in presenting his plain old father to the illustrious Pharaoh. Many a son is ashamed of his father, just because he may be a little plain and old-fashioned. Parents may not have had the advantages of schools, and the polish of society—but they certainly had the good heart to let their sons have them. Then, because their hands and backs are crooked with toil, in acquiring the means for a son’s elevation, some affected children make this the very ground for despising them. Be not ashamed of a plain Christian father even in the presence of the most fastidious royalty. Jacob is more than Pharaoh, though the one has a shepherd’s staff, and the other a kingly sceptre. Jacob is the chosen patriarch of God.

A funeral procession ! Israel has been embalmed, and now is carried back to the land of his fathers. Horsemen and chariots are in line—a multitude of mourners follow Jacob's body out of Egypt to the land of Caanan. Officered servants of Pharaoh, elders of the land, all the house of Joseph, the house of his brethren, the house of departed Israel—what a funeral procession ! Joseph gave his father a decent burial—all worthy sons will emulate his example. At the age of an hundred and ten years, he too died, and he said : “ God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.” The cave of Macpelah is the end of Joseph—but like the river Nile, the flow of his life blesses Egypt to-day.



VI.

The Young Man of Office.

AND among them all was found none like Daniel.—*Dan. 1 : 19.*

Then the king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts; and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon.—*Daniel 2 : 48.*

THE Young Man of Office !

The political and national seats of power are among the most inspiring dreams of ambitious young men. The Gladstones and Bismarks and Hamiltons and Richelieus of the more modern world have enveloped the throne of the diplomat and statesman with dazzling splendor. Looking along the line of the more ancient geniuses of government, we find none more extraordinary than Daniel. We take interest in the rising star of the political world, and we recommend all young men who aspire to rulership, high or low, to emulate the spirit, character, and consecration of Daniel.

Born of an aristocratic, if not royal Jewish family ; Daniel commingled many natural and circumstantial advantages in the shaping of his life's prospects. The armies of Nebuchadnezzar took the lad of fourteen years, and carried him a captive to Babylon on the Euphrates. He was a prodigy of mental grasp, of most excellent physical development, and of great culture of manners. These graces captivated the Chaldean monarch, and the Hebrew-boy was at once inducted into the king's service.

Babylon the great ! How like a dreamy oriental fancy it seems ! Laving in the favors of the Euphrates, and entrenching itself within the secure embrace of fifty-five miles of massive walls, it stands out as the ancient wonder. It bewilders us with its hanging gardens, its adornments, its palaces, its temples, its riches, its military prowess—the “beauty of the Chaldees excellency.” Immortal city—but doubly immortal because Daniel lived within it. How many places are distinguished and remembered, only because the lives of great and good men have been associated with them ! The young man who goes to a city, and a city like Babylon !—is like he who ventures out to sea. Storms and raging tempests of sin, strike his inexperienced barge ; deep maelstroms of vice envelope him, hidden foes fall upon him unawares. Oh ! how

can a young man stand in the virtues of his early training, with such bewitching sin to tempt him to ruin! Daniel did—study the moral hero.

There are five important events that stand out in Daniel's life in the "golden city." His name was changed, that was the first. Henceforth he was styled Belteshazzar. It naturalized him, but it also meant to bury away every thought of the Hebrew God, as suggested by the name Daniel, and to instil the faith of Chaldean idolatry, as implied by the new name. Daniel took the new name, but kept the old religion. He might easily have fallen in, and to some advantage, with the priests of Belus and Beltis—but he aped not the fashion of "advanced thought," he affected not the sophisms of heathen science. Our fathers' religion may be a little old-fashioned—but in the end it is the best.

His next test was when the king flattered him with a portion of meat and drink from the royal table. Daniel had conscientious scruples about that savory meat and sparkling wine. The open favor appealed loudly to ambition—to cross it might mean the forfeiting of great advancement. But the custom of the heathen to dedicate to the gods a portion of their meats and drinks at the table, might implicate Daniel in conniving at idolatry. The question was—

whether to please God, or appetite? Some would say—"when in Rome, do as the Romans do." Daniel thought not so; there was nothing slipshod about his religion. Principle lay at the bottom of all his doings, however great—however small.

The third test was the task of interpreting the king's wonderful dream of the image. When the sages of Chaldean wisdom stood confounded before this marvellous vision of empire, Daniel divinely revealed it. Nebuchadnezzar at once made him governor. His star was rising; he soon became chancellor of the university of wise men, and later rose to high judge and prime-minister. But he did not lose his young head. Even though the king fell down to worship him as a god—he did not forget himself. Power makes men great, and often arrogant and self-idolizing—but Daniel was noble Daniel still.

The fourth test was the reading of the hand-writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. The Persians have besieged the city in a time into which fell the annual feast. They must celebrate it—Babylon is never thwarted in its pleasures. Through street and garden, through open-square and enclosed temple is witnessed the proverbial splendor of oriental revelry. But Belshazzar has a special banquet. Music keeps time to the graceful contortions of costumed maidens

in the dance; perfumes rise from the bronzed altars of the palace-courts, the tables laden with plate of gold—the bacchanalian carousal wild with untamed spirits. The king grows impious, he orders the sacred vessels, once taken from Jerusalem, to be brought from the temple of Bel. They are hurried to the scene—vessels of gold and silver, bowls and caldrons, spoons, knives and cups—the very palladium of the Jewish State. The choice wine is poured into the thirty charges and thirty vases of gold made for the temple of Solomon, and the thousand charges and four hundred basins of silver made for Zedekiah, and profaned with shameful intoxication. The choruses to the king rise in fervor, the enthusiasm increases. Suddenly, in fiery letters, is flashed against the wall in scriptural hand-writing—“Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharson!” What a sea of alarum then! “Ho! ye Chaldeans, ye astrologers and soothsayers—a kingdom for your wisdom now. Tell me the hand-writing, anyone, and I will deck him with purple, and gold, and place a sceptre in his hand!” They knew not. The queen-mother suggests to bring Daniel. When he stood amid the scene, he saw the cheek of revelry blanched, a valorous king horror-stricken, and cringing at his feet. How calm this prophet, this preacher! In the presence of outraged Omnipotence, how strong

is that man whose conscience is clear, whose heart is clean ! When lords and princes and kings are unmanned—how blessed the nation that has Daniels at the helm ! He pronounces the sentence, and leaves the reckless and vain-glorious king to his doom.

“ Belshazzar’s grave is made,
His kingdom passed away.
He, in the balanced weigh’d,
Is light and worthless clay ;
The shroud, his robe of state ;
His canopy the stone.
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne.”

The last great test was the envy that drove him into the lion’s den. Under Darius, we find Daniel the Medo-Persian prime-minister. A weakling of a king, even a discerning bad one, will always prefer a servant of sterling integrity. Daniel was the chastening rod to all dishonest aspirants in the kingdom. How the false politicians and official tricksters, and the army of under-presidents and princes hated him ! Envy got to work, and dark plottings began. Was there ever yet a man in office, however good and pure, who escaped the envy and calumny of rival competitors ? All the hellish machinery was set at going, and Babylonian’s prime-minister had his history dis-

torted, his character besmirched, his name blackened. He landed in the lion's den. But when morning came, Darius broke the signet of the seal, rolled away the stone before the den—and there lay Daniel asleep, and in peace, upon the shaggy mane of the ferocious beast. A good man in office may be defamed and entrapped by evil plotters—in the end God will vindicate and revenge him. The wicked shall fall into their own pit.

Let us discover the leading qualities of Daniel's character, and recommend them to all seekers of public office.

He had a noble spirit in him. So it is declared in chapter 6, and 3d verse. He was endowed with great moral excellence, loftiness of character, and dignity of bearing. In him from youth up there was the disposition to act fairly with every one, and to be honorable in all his dealings. As a young man in training with the eunuch, he made good use of his time, improved his mind, and showed, by the faithful discharge of all his duties, that he had the spirit of a good and great man in him. A noble young man!—we say. We do not so particularly mean that he is of noble birth. Blood will tell, we know—especially bad blood. Though he came of the very best of families, Daniel's nobility was more than rank. This

outward caste counts naught before God. Those who think that social position, wealth and family influence alone make character, fall short of the measure of genuine nobility. It is not affected nobility which we see, and which is nothing more than snobbism, that belonged to Daniel—it was the fine spirit in the young man. In office this consecrated genius frowned down all state intrigue, all political chicanery—official integrity and probity were written upon all his public and private measures. Oh! for Daniels in the seats of power to-day, to give us purity of ballot and purity of legislation. While administrators of authority speculated and were bribed—Daniel never took a dishonest dollar from the king's treasury, he never sold his influence for gold or silver.

He had manly independence. The sycophant and the toady, are found among the courtiers of the king's palace, as well as in the ranks of the underling. No obsequious parasite or mean flatterer was Daniel. He sought not priest nor king with soft words, he did not build up personal influence by insinuating slanders—he stood squarely upon his own merit. Says Dryden —“ a sycophant will everything admire.” The illustrious Hebrew was no partner to crime or a lie—yet he was modest with it all. He raved not at Babylon's ways, and bore no insult to the king when un-

just, or wicked, or rejected of Heaven. He did not pompously parade his religion, decry the priest, and rail with taunts at the base idolatries of the Chaldeans. He made no damaging comparisons between the temple of Baal and the Zion of Jehovah—he was courteous—a perfect gentleman. The oily suavity of the politician lined not his seat of power—he held his place with dignity of demeanor, and by manly independence.

He had true moral courage. Daniel dared to do right. There is not a nobler spectacle to behold under the heavens than this—a young man, who in the face of blandishing offers of sinful gain and power, will heed the voice of a better conscience, set his foot firmly on the earth, and give a decided—No! There is too much the spirit of accommodation among all men, and especially among those who are the servants of state. In the face of better knowledge and truer belief—they will sell out manhood and honor for the most trifling advantage. Behold the moral hero! What courage was that, when the Hebrew lad, who had his future to make, brushed aside the flattering proffers of the king, and indulged not in the idolatrous meat and drink! What courage was that, when called before Nebuchadnezzar, he dared to turn the dream against the despot, and tell

him that he should eat grass with the oxen in the field, and have feathers like an eagle, and claws like a bird? What courage was that, when he interpreted the fiery letters upon the wall, and told the bloody Belshazzar that his kingdom shall be taken from him? What courage was that, when he defied the decree of a thousand-forked envy, that no man dare pray to any god but the ignoble Belshazzar for thirty days, and he went to his closet to pray to his God three times a day? Ah! this is the stuff out of which the heroes are made—the Pauls and Luthers and Knoxes, and all such mighty men who lift up nations to glory and to power.

He never forgot his friends. Daniel was not an ingrate. No sooner made governor, he prayed the king for his three companions who had helped to implore God for Daniel's success. Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego were likewise placed into office. Never go back on your true and tried friends. The men who seek public office are the Lord Chesterfields of the age. They seek the hand-shake of the humblest, bow with the most patronizing air to every labor-stained face that passes, and are most prodigal in their attentions and promises to faithful friends—but often, when crowned with success they forget those who have helped them to it. The man of office has a right to

reward his tried friends. Gratitude is sweet everywhere, but—

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude.”

He was a patriot. A Jew once—a Jew always. No preferment of great Babylon could make him forget his humbled Jerusalem. When at last the despondent Hebrews hung their harps upon the willows, and sat down upon the banks of the Euphrates to weep—Daniel wept too. He daily thought of the restoration of his exiled people. He daily entered his chamber, opened the window toward his beloved Jerusalem, and prayed in the direction of the Holy Hill. Oh! sweet was the thought of Zion, his boyhood home, and his father’s religion. We want Christian patriots in office. That patriotism is best which is grounded in the Christian religion, which draws its inspiration from the belief that God guides the nation. We want men of office, who adorn our country and who bear influence into every land. Why do we say of Washington—“first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen?”—a Christian patriot. Why do we wreath the brow of Lincoln in the halo of immortality?—a Christian patriot.

Why do we deck the grave of Garfield, with fragrant garlands?—a Christian patriot.

He was a man of God. Has a young man made himself fit, God uses him as a consecrated force. He first finds his vessels, and are they found, He then uses them. Oh! to be a consecrated vessel! To be chosen out of the great mass of humanity to serve the age by illustrious means, and in exalted places! Young man, how would you like to start in life? “With cash—with ready cash!” you instantly reply. I despise not your answer—but more than ready money, bonds, stocks or lands, is principle. When done with life—what would you have the world to praise you for—what you have or what you are? Ah! then to have it said—“he was noble and good!” Daniel stood amid the dazzling glory of Babylon, honored as President, Judge, Governor, and Prime-minister, and despite the blandishments of office, the sin of a city, and the envy of all the princes of the land—he was noble and good.



VII.

The Young Man of Business.

AND he said, appoint me thy wages and I will give it.—*Gen. 30 : 28.*

And the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and maidservants, and menservants and camels and asses.—*Gen. 30 : 43.*

THE Young Man of Business !

It has been said somewhat disparagingly, “ Abraham was a gentleman, but Jacob was a Jew.” It must be conceded, that among the most successful business men of the world are to be classed the descendants of this ancient Israelite. They are good at driving a bargain, but Jacob also stands as the model of commercial integrity, and from such ethics most of the Jews, and many merchants in general, have largely departed.

Good and bad business principles we find in Jacob’s life. Their counterparts we discover in the commer-

cial dealings of to-day. The unfair bargains that he made with his brother Esau, drove him out of his home and native land, and caused him to dwell among strangers in Haran. His early trickery and deception haunted him everywhere, and he was constantly afraid of his life.

The first great hit of Jacob in bargain-making was a *corner* in pottage. In the language of the tradesman's code we would style him "shrewd" for this lucky hit. But a man who is shrewd, and nothing more, understands all the twists of trickery and dishonesty. The covetous heart rested on the birth-right of Esau, the honored privileges of the first-born. When the cunning hunter came back, one day, from his empty snares, fainting and hungry, Jacob had planted himself outside the tent, stirring his oriental coffee. The savory pot steamed, and Esau was tempted to the worst. The younger brother had the monopoly of the goods, and he forced the first-born into a bargain—"sell me this day thy birth-right. Swear to me this day." He had made a "corner" on pottage. It was the same speculative shrewdness that drives Wall Street to-day. It is considered a brilliant achievement when some one manipulator can force the market to the wall, and squeeze out a whole badge of adventurers. The tobacco merchants of

New York have anticipated the tariff-bill, and have, in the past week, made a corner in the Sumatra leaf. It is a great sin to gamble on food. This is the dark blot on Jacob's escutcheon. 'Old Hutch,' as he is sneeringly remembered, cornered the wheat-market, and squeezed millions out of the poor bread winners.

This trick of Jacob was very naturally followed by another most fraudulent transaction. He took a mean advantage of his blind father, who expected to bless Esau, his first-born, when he would return from the hunt, and bring him a steaming stew of venison. Jacob had his mother to make a mock-soup out of kids—in fact his mother instigated it. Mothers may often be the fault of wrong business principles in boys. As Esau smelled of the fields, and was hairy, Jacob dressed up in his brother's clothes, and put parts of the soft skin of the slain kids over his hands, neck and face. So he carried the palatable stew in to his father. The aged Patriarch felt him, blessed him—and ate the venison. Jacob laid on the counter false goods—he represented the meat of kids to be savory venison, and so cheated his brother out of a father's dying blessing. He grossly misrepresented goods when he covered his hands with kid-skins, and palmed himself off as hairy Esau. One of the sins of the modern business-man is, the sham imitation of su-

perior goods, and the flagrant misrepresentation of inferior goods.

The next bargain Jacob made was down in Haran—he stood apprentice for a wife. In that day a man bought the partner of his life—it was often more a business than a love-contract. The bargain for a wife is generally the most fortunate hit in a young business man's life. Frequently too it is an investment in dead and cumbersome goods. Stock-raising was the business of the east. Jacob had now gotten into the hands of a crafty, miserly bargain-driver, and he was paid back in his own coin. During fourteen years he was a wage-earner for beautiful Rachael. The Young Hebrew, however, had changed his code of business-transactions, and he had become an honest, honorable, yet sagacious manipulator of trade. The grasping Laban was blessed with increasing wealth, because of Jacob. A business-firm does well to have Christian clerks—they are the leaven of riches. How many merchants do like Laban; they take a mean advantage of faithful young men in their employ, cheat them even out of contracts honorably made.

Jacob made a happy venture in his last business bargain. After his fourteen years of love-wages had transpired, he was willing to stay with Laban on the condition that he would let him have for his service,

all the ring-stroked, speckled and spotted of the cattle, sheep, and goats that might be born. In this contract he laid the foundation of great wealth. In six years he was Laban's rival. He made the best of a fair bargain, and though the miserly Laban changed the contract ten times, the shrewd business resources of Jacob surmounted every obstacle. The way the speckled cattle increased was marvellous! Many people fail in life, because they don't understand their business. If a man has learned a trade let him stick to it. Be willing, like Jacob, to stand an apprenticeship, and when you thoroughly understand your calling, then make your venture. This eagerness of young men to get into business before they have learned it, is a great mistake; and the spirit of changefulness in business employments when things don't go fast enough at first, is an equally great mistake. "A chicken, trying to swim with some ducks, complained of the world. 'The world is all right,' replied the ducks, 'if you adjust yourself to it: Keep in your element, the land, and not ours, which is satisfactory to us.'" If the cobbler goes beyond his shoes, he fails. Jacob found the calling he was adapted to, he stuck to it, "and the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and men-servants, and camels, and asses."

Have a business-motto. Young man, there is nothing that will serve so much as a guiding star in your life, as some maxim or watchword. How frequently have books impressed you with an impelling influence to great and glorious accomplishments. Schliemann could never shake off the shaping powers of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey when first listening to their story, as a boy. They made him the discoverer of the ruins of Troy. Proverbs is pre-eminently the book for business-men. As a first-reader in the schools of Scotland, it made that people sharp and crisp of speech, and infused into their very bones the spirit of industry. A business-motto even more than a book, has the tendency to lay the foundation of character and fortune. Some men gauge all their life and transactions by such a watchword—they appeal to it as their supreme judge for every undertaking and accomplishment of life.

When Jacob built his stone-altar at the foot of the angel-ladder, he adopted over it his motto of life: "All that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." That should be the watchword of every consecrated business-man. Even Satan has harnessed his maxims and turns them to use. Upon one of his banners he has incised: "Every man has his price." Upon another he has written: "with might there

is right." Charles Reade has given the title to one of his books—"Put yourself in his place." This might be a good motto for the merchant as he deals with his customer. The Rothschilds adopted as their watchword—"Be cautious, but bold." Others of financial success in the world had as their watchword—"What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well"—"Business before pleasure"—"Never fail to keep a promise"—"Buy nothing unnecessary, however cheap"—"Meet every engagement to the minute." John Randolph found the philosopher's stone in the maxim—"Pay as you go." Ruskin had before him constantly his motto inscribed on a massive piece of chalcedony—"To-Day." Wanamaker's secret is—"Pay attention to detail," and quotes the proverb: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost." My motto is that of Paul's—"This one thing I do." We scatter our talents and forces too much. Concentration gathers wisdom, and power of execution. One of Wesley's mottos reads:

"Make all you can honestly;
Save all you can prudently;
Spend all you can possibly."

Cultivate the elements of success. I think one of the secrets of Jacob's success lay in the fact that he inspired confidence. Unfortunately there is found

something in very many young men that spoils all their chances right from the beginning. The saying goes around, "What can you expect from him!" He is not frank, his manners are not attractive, and somehow his face tells you that he cannot be trusted. Laban had all confidence in Jacob, and he allowed him to dictate his own contract: "Appoint me thy wages, and I will give it."

Then Jacob was industrious and he stuck closely to business. With the dew of the morning he was out managing his flocks, he was ever busy devising plans to enlarge his estate. Industry is the cornerstone of all success. I pity the young man who has been puffed up with the conceit that he is a "genius." This class is first to go down in failure. Genius is loath to work, and it has a hard road to travel. Work! work!—joyful diligence and steady effort will outstrip the stride of the most brilliant genius. It is work that has struck the rude marble, and fashioned into shape the beautiful angel; it is work that touched the blank canvas and breathed upon it the sweetness of a Madonna; it is work that blasted in the quarry and reared into architectural grandeur the mighty cathedrals; it is work that wielded the axe, and shaped the oak into beams of ships and bridges; it is work that transformed the buried metal into pealing bells and

sweet-toned organs ; it is work that made your Demosthenes and Websters, your Cromwells and Washingtons, your Pauls and Luthers, your Columbuses and Stanleys, your Burkes and Hamiltons ; your Spurgeons and Beechers ; your Coopers and Stewarts—it is work that leads to success.

It is not necessary that the young man of to-day go through the school of hard experience to learn the secrets of success. Out of the history of the great and useful men, learn the elements that made them. I would recommend four prerequisites for all callings of life—character, industry, perseverance, prayer. Men differ in their methods as character indicates and business demands. In this day wide-awake attention is necessary, and seizing the right opportunity is one of the essentials to success. In business as in everything else, Shakespeare's saying applies : “ There is a tide in the affairs of men that taken at the flood leads on to fortune.” Many miss it because they do not “ strike while the iron is hot.” The time comes for us all, when we must say, “ Now or never.”

Do business on Christian principles. If Jacob had consulted his God in the start of life, as he did later on, concerning the methods of business, he might have enjoyed his possessions with greater comfort. Said a young man coming to a large city : “ I pro-

pose to carry on business on Christian principles.” “You shall have very little competition here”—replied the senior merchant. Knowing the conventional falsehoods afloat in the commercial world, the underhand trickery, deception and misrepresentation licensed in almost daily transactions, the young man most naturally halts to ask: “How can I be in business, and be a Christian?” This question is asked in the factory, in the store, in the livery stable, in the lawyer’s office, and callings of diversified character. From Sunday into Monday is a short step—but the prayer in the temple and the bargain in the store must not be at variance. Short measure on the counter, scanty weight in the ware-house, injured goods from the cellar must pass at their true value.

But religion in business matters has its rightful place and rule. The Bible is a pilot to the ship of commerce, and a help to every merchant of whatever kind. It refers frequently to real estate and investments, and profit and loss, and agricultural success, and foreign trade, and tax collections and fraudulent transactions, and righteous wealth. The cause of religion is helped by business, and business is helped by religion. No wall of partition ought to be raised between them. It would be well for the church to utilize some of the methods of business, and not only

accept its profits. The secret of success to business lies hid in the wise precepts and noble safeguards of the Bible. Ask the men of great success in the mercantile world, what the chief elements were that lifted them up. Very few will tell you that their fortunes were built-up on lying and cheating. Permanent wealth does not grow from such rotten stumps, it draws sap from the live, healthy tree. Spurious wealth always has a curse to follow it—and seldom it survives beyond the second generation. It is a pleasure to note how many men of fortune, are religious men. Not only are the nations, which are imbued with Christianity, foremost in the arts, in learning, and in industry, but also the individuals, who believed and prayed, are pre-eminently the inventors of revolutionizing instruments in the mercantile world. The business man who regularly attends church will be so mentally quickened, and morally strengthened, that it will be an ease and a pleasure to make money. Honesty is the corner-stone of business success, notwithstanding the Quaker's advice to his boy: "Myson make money—honestly if thee can—anyhow make money." Integrity has a commercial value even in the most corrupt market. A business on religious principles has the blessing of God.

How to fail in business. Let me say to you, young

man, there is much success abroad that is a downright failure. Men have attained their purposes, but what were their purposes? Their place up there is all shimmer on the outside, a real counterfeit within. Any gigantic schemes accomplished, that afterwards make you afraid of men, and disturb your peace and give you remorse—is no success. A mountain of money, just because it is a mountain, can't atone for the wrongs it is built on. That man, who daily carries a dinner-pail to his work, and eats his meals with a good conscience and a peaceful heart, is more of a success.

The first step to failure in business, is bad company. Find a young man starting out in his commercial career with bad associates, and his story is soon told. The next step is the spirit of speculation in the line of gambling. This is the age of stock-gambling, and many of our young merchants are getting entangled in outside operations. They are dissatisfied with the slow profits of a legitimate business, venture in uncertain investments, fail and are sold out sooner than told. The next step is extravagance. It is a safe rule, always to spend a little less than you earn. But, the young men of to-day live too much beyond their income. They foolishly presume on the increased profits of to-morrow which never come.

Emerson says: "The secret of success lies never in the amount of money, but in the relation of income to outgo." Other vices and habits help to the downward road, but they are the outgrowth of these three mistakes of life. Failures in business sometimes have a softening side to their history, and legitimate excuses stand in their favor. Men have honorably recovered from their reverses, paid all their debts, as Jacob tried to amend to Esau, and stood higher in the role of credit than ever before. Failures have been the foundation of success to some men, whose energies were renewed tenfold, and sagacious watchfulness rekindled a hundred-fold. But credit once broken is like china-ware once broken. It may be repaired, but it is never quite whole. The mended crack ever stares customers in the face. Men who give their hearts to God in youth are no failures in life.

Business! What a grand sphere of action for young men! How its mighty energies move the world, and hold the entire globe suspended as in a net-work! Every artery of progress is stimulated by the potent forces of business; every ambition of man quickened by the daily prizes it holds before him. How the cities mass in phalanxes of business-houses—beautiful piles of architecture! How the thoroughfares teem

with the ebb and tide of trade! How the hills are pierced, rivers spanned, and valleys crossed, with the steaming stride of pushing markets! How the emerald highways of the seas smile with rush of commerce—all the earth is aglow with the life-stirring enthusiasm of business. To be a business-man in this age is a great privilege—and to be a Christian merchant is one of the crowns of truest manhood.



VIII.

The Young Man as a Friend.

AND Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him : for he loved him as he loved his own soul.—*1 Samuel 20 : 17.*

THE Young Man as a Friend !

Prince Jonathan would soon have been forgotten, but that he was the friend of David. What a sweet romance—this loving attachment between these two youths in ancient Israel ! “The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.” There is nothing in the modern works of fiction like it. The song and story of Greece, with all their spirit of stoic heroism, have not celebrated a devotion as beautiful as this. Pelopidas and Epaminondas locked their shields together in the battle against the Arcadians. With seven wounds Pelopidas fell, but Epaminondas was willing to die rather than leave his comrade to the power of

the enemies. Pierced and slashed with deadly weapons, he stemmed the tide until both were delivered. Detracting naught from such a binding companionship as this, it must be remembered that the spur came from the law and precepts of the nation, which taught that it was a crime to be anything else but brave. It was no attachment like that of Jonathan and David. Damon and Pythias, those two disciples of Pythagoras, can lay some claim to the semblance of an equal friendship.

Next to religion, the finest sentiment in the earth, is friendship. Love is the noblest of the affections, but friendship is the sweet improvement of love. What a charm to social life ! The conversation of a well-chosen friend is like the genial fire-grate to a shivering man on a numb-cold night. It thaws him out. How the mind clears and expands ! How the heart unfolds in virtuous feelings ! How dull time takes its flight, and hours of honeyed joys come instead ! A letter from a friend thrills us with eager anticipations, whilst another reads only like cold business-type. Thank God for friends both old and new. Blessed is the home that shelters a discreet and virtuous friend.

Jonathan and David were thrown together, almost constantly, in the king's palace. The young prince,

of heroic heart himself, saw how good and brave and true David was—and he loved him. “The only way to have a friend, is to be one”—David also showed himself a “friend more divine than all divinities.” Four touching incidents occurred in Jonathan’s devoted defense of David. How adroit and sweetly-engaging was the young prince, when he took his father aside to the field, and pleaded for the life of the brave Bethlehemite! How soul-stirring when out under the open sky these twain swear in a binding compact, always to be friends, come what will! How thrilling the scene, when Saul missing David at the royal table, threw a javelin at Jonathan for apologizing for his absence! What tender solicitude was betokened, when after this deadly assault of an enraged king, the prince hastens to the fields with his lad to give the signal of danger to his comrade! Only love can devise such plans of rescue. He shoots arrows from his bow. If they fall this side the Ezel stone where David hides, that is the sign of safety. If he shoots beyond the stone, his comrade is to “make speed, haste, stay not.” The lad has gathered the arrows beyond the stone—he is dismissed. Then Jonathan and David meet in a parting scene. They fall on each other’s neck, weep and kiss. They linger in sweet embrace, as lovers would, and are loath to

say—farewell. Jonathan can return to his friends, the king's court, and God's temple—but David must hide in caves. Set the altar before mine eyes. Let it be overladen with gold, and deeply engraven with the heart's purest sentiments. Let the clouds part, and in the effulgence of heavenly glory, let the angels come down to surround this symbol of beauty. Entwine this altar with flowers, wreath it with immortelles, and from amid all its enchanting glory, let there flash out in bold relief, the impassionate thought—Friendship !

He was a royal friend. This is the first thing I have to say of Jonathan. Ought not David to have felt himself flattered when a noble prince became so passionately fond of him? Not only *royal* in rank was he, but royal in friendship. What sort of companions might Jesse's little shepherd-boy have expected? Surely it was a great friendship when a prince of Saul's house cemented his soul with that of humble David. A *royal* friendship! No other ought to be accepted by you. He who would aspire to enter the sacred realm of such feelings, let him be of regal bearing, and his expressions of love be noble and sincere. Our bosom companions ought always to be of royal extraction. Seek your friend among the prudent, wise, and godly.

“ On the choice of friends
Our good and evil name depends.”

Says Solon : “ Procure not friends in haste, and when thou hast a friend, part not with him in haste.”

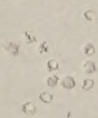
There are very many acquaintances, but few real friends. Some one upbraided Socrates for building his house in Athens so small. He replied that he should consider himself sufficiently accommodated if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Multitudes crowded around him—some from vanity, some from veneration—but out of them all he expected only a little houseful of those, who might be attached to him in steady fidelity.

Friendship is not simply a sweet-scented philanthropy, it is even more than a refined and subtle sentiment that binds hearts together in similar labors and experiences. Two souls are mysteriously drawn together by congenial tastes, and agree at once in the same aspirations for the noble and the good—having the same common end in view, which both love better than themselves. Jonathan and David by the law of election, as it were, sealed their hearts one upon the other. Emerson must have had in view this friendship, when he so beautifully analyzed the two elements that go to make its composition. As by instinct they let down the plummet to sound the depth of their

union, and each found in the other the solid rock of truth, and the swelling undercurrent of tenderness. You want a friend with whom you need not use dissimulation ; but throwing aside the guise of courtesy, meet him with open sincerity.

True friendship is drawn by love—my chosen companion must be dear to me. Is it possible that such a sacred bond can subsist between man and woman? The ancients spoke a great deal of *platonic love*, an attachment wholly spiritual and without carnal desire. Nothing in history is so chaste and so divinely beautiful as the friendship-ties between the rich Paula, and the Saint Jerome. There was a dear friendship between Christ and Lazarus' sisters. Friendship between woman and woman, is however only a suspension of hostilities, whilst the friendship between man and man is always more vigorous and enduring. The little barge of woman sails among many shoals and quicksands—she shipwrecks friendships too easily on her loves and jealousies. Man is not the creature of sentiment and affection like woman. Being of sterner stuff, with the endowment of more sinewy qualities, he plants his loves and friendships more in adamantine rock. The Jonathans and Davids have their “souls knit together.”

He was a friend in need. This is the second thing



I have to say of Jonathan. Twice he saved David's life out of the bloody hands of Saul. But dark adversity comes not of physical dangers alone—the heart, in all its sad moods and contrary experiences, needs the soothing refreshment of friendship! “No friend's a friend till he shall prove a friend.” Says Theophrastus: “True friends visit us in prosperity when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.”

“Who is a friend like me?” said the shadow to the body. “Do I not follow you wherever I go? Sunlight or moonlight I never forsake you.”

“It is true,” said the body; “you are with me in sunlight and moonlight, but where are you when neither sun nor moon shines upon me? The true friend abides with us in darkness.”

Yes, when prosperity smiles upon us, and we can dispense favor and money, the parasites are devoted and thrust their servile fawns upon us. But let the golden props be knocked out from under us, and all the halo of worldly influence be lifted away from us, and our handshake be empty of earthly emolument—how changed the heart of the fickle sycophant. Tell me not that adversity is always a loss and a grievous burden. It helps to discover your true friends, and in that is great gain. He who has a true friend has a

fortune. Adversity is like the fan to the heap of wheat—which separates the chaff from the kernel—it separates flattery from genuine devotion. How soon, in our time of need, may we discover that some friends have loved our prosperity and not our virtues! O for friends, whom the fitful changes, and the cold blasts of time, can never alter!

Even a true friend, like Jonathan's bow, can be spanned only so far—beyond that it breaks. The abuse of the gracious offices of friendship lie in the unreasonable demands made upon it. Some people, who have friends, are forever in need, just because they have friends. For endorsements, and money-loans and recommendations, and helps out of scrapes—and lifts of all kinds, they call upon these kind associates of their life. How many have become helpless dependents because of friends who always stand ready to assist! We want some companion in life who makes us do what we can. You can't be an object of pity in friendship, and hold inviolate the manliness of the bonds. My friend gives, and indicates the way of self-help. I take, and in silence toil to maintain the virtues that first discovered me to my friend.

The hour of sorrow comes to all. There is no need, so keenly felt, as that which affects the heart.

When gloom has set upon me, and the song of my soul has ceased—then comes my friend like a ray of light shot through the darkened cloud. He speaks, and his voice is like a well-tuned lute. How sweet his discourse! You feel, that such a lute no change of weather can alter. You are sure that you can give it almost any reasonable stretch and it will still keep its pitch. What a thrill of tenderness lies in the story of Sergeant Hubert, and his devotion to Napoleon! When the Emperor had been buried at St. Helena, all the household sadly embarked for Europe. But Hubert would not. For nineteen years he stood daily guard over the solitary tomb, and when removed to the banks of the Seine, beneath the dome of the Invalides, the devoted servant and friend followed the remains.

He was a covenant friend. This is the third thing I have to say of Jonathan. The prince sealed his love with a token—he stripped himself of the insignia of office and superior rank, and gave it over to David. “That thou mayest know that I love thee, here take my royal mantle and my girdle,” Jonathan seemed to say. He likewise unbuckled his sword and removed his famous bow, and handing them may have said—“these also thou brave one, must have.” It was almost a sacramental union. Sacred are the

ties of friendship. As you enter a holy shrine with bared head and reverent step, so pass over the threshold of friendship. Enter its hallowed precincts with feelings refined and exalted. There is no palace equipped like this. The temples reared to God are holy, and the home of friendship is a mansion let down from Heaven. Enter, and see, and hear, and enjoy. Where friendship is enthroned, a charm radiates that is the wine of purest joy. Hast thou joy already—here it will be enhanced. Hast thou sorrow—here it will be assuaged, and all trouble taken away. O ! it is sweet to sit within the exhilarating glow of pure friendship.

But the friendship of the wicked is uncertain. A companionship based upon the interchange of corruption and falsehood cannot live. Distrust follows in its wake. There is a holy friendship and a worldly friendship. Confucius says: "There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright ; friendship with the sincere ; and friendship with the man of observation ; these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs ; friendship with the insinuatingly soft ; and friendship with the glib-tongued : these are injurious." Scripture says : "The friendship of the world is enmity with God " Like the honey of

Heraclea which tastes bitter in the end, so is worldly friendship. It may dazzle for awhile with its flatteries and fair promises—at last it will turn into the bitterness of all enmity. It was a holy friendship—this between Jonathan and David. It was a sacred promise, that come what will, the tie shall never fail. Broken friendships! I see them lying about. What pitiful ruins! The time may come when the sacred hall will be invaded by ruthless hands, and harsh feelings of my changed friend may grate, and shout in angry tones. Alas! it is only too true; “Friendships, like broken vessels, can be repaired—but they can never be fully restored.” A good man is the best friend, covenant with him—“let there be truth between us two forevermore.” How well it might be applied to our prince and his Bethlehem comrade:

“ ’Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their death had not divided been.”

He was a disinterested friend. This is the last thing I have to say of Jonathan. What a disrobing this was when he said: “Thou shalt be king in Israel, and I shall be next to thee.” Surely he gave to David the sword and the sceptre. Some one has intimated, that “our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship: and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister

and interested motives if they can." But Jonathan divested himself of all jealousy, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice yielded the throne to him to whom God had given it. Was it not much to give away, even for a friend—but such was the friendship that shall stand as the purest human-type for all ages. David's joy was his, and David's sorrow grieved him equally much. My friend is my second self. There are no pleasures that I can rightly enjoy except he share them; there are no burdens that he must shoulder, that I am not willing to divide with him.

How purely mercenary some friends! They use me like a buttonhole bouquet—once the freshness out, they throw me away. But a true friend is forever a friend, and he is worth all the hazards we can run. How touching the parting of Jonathan with David on the field! By the Ezel stone they embraced in anguish of soul, whilst the lambs gamboled beyond them, the birds sang around them, the insects chirped beneath them, and the sun shone unconcerned above them. Well might the prince have said:

"O my friend!

We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more."

There is one Friend. Pre-eminently speaking, there is one Friend—"who sticketh closer than a brother." How the Autumn leaves do fall! Even those which sheltered my door forsake me, and leave my threshold exposed and bare. Thick and fast they fall—the beautiful leaves. So goes the friendship of the world. Often when you think it most beautiful, some frost of strange feeling comes and bites it to death. Even so go all my joys and comforts of life. Then, I must make sure—I must have the one great and true Friend, who ever abides. Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts; thou Refuge of the weary; thou Lover of my soul, come and be my Friend. Yes, friendships are eternal—and true friendships abide in Heaven. Death shall take only the alloy from our friendships here, and like the soul is glorified in Heaven—so shall our friendships be, on the other side of the grave.



IX.

The Young Man of Sunshine.

AND it came to pass when their hearts were merry, that they said, call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars.—*Judges 16: 25.*

THE Young Man of Sunshine!

Samson was very properly styled “the Sunny.” He is more frequently spoken of as “the strong.” We are apt to lose sight of his bright, beamy, cheery disposition behind the marvel of his Herculean exploits. Like some ancient Merovingian king, whose long hair was the sign of royalty, he wore his seven sweeping locks as the token of a Nazarene. The vow was upon him that he never must drink wine, and in all his wanderings through the shady vineyards of Soreck and Timnath he never touched one cluster of grapes, nor lingered over the free libations of the wine-press. Abstemious as he was in this respect, he

yet was an irregular, unpolished and frolicsome fellow in other directions.

Strong as a giant! A finely developed physical frame is something to be admired. The athlete is to be envied for his muscular prowess. He was the handsome Hercules of Israel, its champion in battle, and its hero of song. Samson was as full of irrepressible spirits and pranks as a giant can be. He was always in a good humor, and in the midst of his cruel and most valiant feats, he smiled with mischief, and passed off his deeds with playful jest or stinging satire. What a grand young fellow he must have been, when, conscious of his power, he went forth smiling to perform any-one of his great achievements. This strength lay not in the fashioning of his body, nor in the peculiar texture of his arm or hand—it was a miracle in him, planted there of God. See, how he meets the crouching lion in the vineyard. When he springs upon him, he catches him in his arms, and rends him like a kid. Out of the carcass of that lion, he later on, coins a riddle to amuse the guests of his wedding-feast:

“Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness.”

What a stupendous joke that was when Samson sought sweet revenge, by tying three hundred jackals together, tail and tail, with a fire-match between, and

sent them into the cornfields of Philistia to make a grand conflagration! He must have smiled with grim humor when he sent them down by pairs from the hill of Zorah, and watched the flaming devastation, and the discomfiture of his enemies. See, when his cowardly countrymen bring him down from the rock to deliver him to the thousands of Philistines, how he picks up the jaw-bone of an ass in the way, and crushes the helmets into their heads, and crashes the greaves of brass into their bodies, routing them all, and slaying a whole regiment of them. Even here he must get off a pun in the midst of greatest weariness: "With the jaw-bone of *ass* have I slain one *mass*, two *masses*; with the jaw-bone of an *ass* I have slain an *ox*-load of men." See him tearing off the ponderous gates of Gaza, and carrying them, posts, bars and all, up to a high hill. It was a surprising joke played on the night-watchmen, who, in the morning, could not help but smile at the neatness of the trick by which they were out-witted. Then see how he amuses himself with his inquisitive Delilah, who for a large bribe would discover his strength to his enemies! How he toys with her by a succession of quaint devises! She ties him with green vine-tendrils, at his suggestion—then shouts: "The Philistines be upon thee!" He tears them like tow, and laughs at the fooled enemies

who rush out of their concealment. Next, she tries new ropes with the same ludicrous result. Then he suggests that she weave his seven locks fast in the web, Delilah sits squatting at her loom, with Samson's head on her lap, and she weaves his braids into the web, then shouts: "The Philistines be upon thee!" He awakes, walks away with pin, beam and web—the whole weaving apparatus. What fun for Samson!

But the heartless blandishments of a mercenary woman will ruin any man who is fascinated by her vile arts. He melts before her tears, his seven locks of hair are cut off, his eye-balls scooped out, and he is sent bound in brass, down to the prison-house of Gaza, there to grind corn. Now the religious feast to Dagon is held, and high revelry is had in the spacious amphitheatre of the town. Samson is brought out to make sport for the gathered multitude. Roars of laughter, and the wildest excitement greet his biting banter, surprising pleasantness, sporting jests and railing buffoonery. But even here Samson forgot not his savage humor. Droll irony shone out of his indignant spirit. When standing between the two main pillars, he prayed: "O Lord Jehovah, remember me now; and strengthen me now, only this once, O God, that I may be avenged of the Philistines (not for both of my lost eyes—but) for *one* of my two eyes." Under the

crash lay three thousand of the Philistines with their lords—and Samson too. But over all speaks the grim, yet triumphant satire: “The dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.”

Cultivate a cheerful disposition. Samson is right, we ought to sprinkle as much sunshine into our life as possible. How many sad faces you notice on your streets! What sombre seriousness burdens the souls of most men between their rising up and lying down! There, that sad face goes, homeward-bound, gathering increasing shadows of moodiness as it nears the threshold—within the domain of many family-circles crouches the nightmare of gloomy dispositions. Who likes the cynic, and who cares to associate with the young man who grumbles with discontent before ever he has left the downy bed of his parents, and stemmed the tide of adverse circumstance?

Give me the sun-shiny young man to begin life with. As the bright luminary of day affects the landscape, when breaking through the blackened clouds, brightening the hues of the valleys, stirring the song of the dales, transforming the dew-drops into pearls—so he changes the aspect of the scene when he enters upon it. The sun-shiny young man makes life worth the living. He leads us away from the dark side of

humanity. Much as we differ in other respects, we quite agree in preferring health to sickness, the sweet to the sour, sunshine to shade, smiles to frowns. Does he enter home—he is the radiant sun there to drive out the chilly mist and threatening storm—he conjures around the fire-hearth the fairy-spirits of home-delights. His smile does not only light up into radiancy his face, but makes it the magic wand to command hosts of friends. We love to bask in sunshine.

Cheerfulness produces health and prolongs life. The spirit of murmuring wears hard the delicate fibers of the physical machinery. Despondency and repinings are poison to the blood in our veins. Cheerfulness soothes the passions, calms the soul, and gives a man the chance to live long. I like to meet a merry heart at work, and in the doing of business. Give me a workman that will strike the anvil and keep time with a song, that will draw the whirring plane with a whistle, that will have interludes of heart-welling laughter for the pick and the axe. He does more work, better work, and sticks to it longer than any of the sullen, silent fellows do. The march has no fatigue with music. Those who give away to depression, easily go down hill. See them sitting in the valley of despair. You help them to little purpose if you

help them out, for they have not the hopeful, courageous spirit that will catch victory from defeat. Have you found that man who can maintain his good cheer whilst sitting amidst a ruined fortune? How like the ivy that so beautifully entwines the ruined castle, is his cheerfulness which makes the most of an adverse state.

Have good humor, but not its associating weaknesses. The light-hearted man that carries a bright face with him wherever he goes, is a blessing. The sunny nature that scatters pleasant words in his way, dispenses one of the sweet charities of life. O the magic charm of pleasant words ! Such wizards of paradisaical joys we meet sometimes in our life. To-day I go along the street utterly oblivious to its gay parade of life. I care not to live. Broken down in spirits, I have grown sour over the many sorrows that like tidal waves have washed over me. I care not for the friendships of the world, I have thrown everything overboard, and am ready to be consigned to unmitigated gloom. Just then the sunny companion of my youth startles me with his sweet voice. His whispers are like an angel's song to my soul. One pleasant word imparted in the radiancy of his good nature, has called me back, and I feel that life is worth the living after all. At another time business has gone wrong. I

leave the counting-room under the chill of a cloud. I turn my face homeward, I dread to plant my feet upon that threshold. But the sweet voices of children greet me, and the encouraging words of a sunny spouse hail me—I am a man again. I turn down the light in my room, I stretch my feet along the fire-grate—lock the door. I must be alone to-night, quite alone with my down-cast spirits. A rap at the door—come in! Surely, here comes my jovial guest—an old friend, whose gayety and liveliness of nature have been the envy of all gloomy misanthropes. A mercurial spark shoots through me, as he shakes hands. Fresh as Winter ozone is his magnetic presence. Radiant hope is written all over his face, and across his lips rush words that have the life-stirring power of Spring. I am aroused from my despondency of soul, the lassitude of my body is swept out of my bones, and the lowering clouds lifted from off my brow—I smile, and soon join the music of the crackling hearth—I laugh. That man is a public benefactor who has the natural talent to make people laugh. It is no virtue to be a morose Timon. Give all your inclination to vivacity a fair chance—do not stifle it. Only take care that those gifts so desirable for the cheer of self, and the life of society, do not degenerate into extravagant mirth and indecent harlequinades.

Samson's good nature disappoints us. We expected him to be as stately in character as he was in appearance, and to be quite as strong in his morals, as he was in his physical endurance. But his good heart ran away with him. It might have been said of him—as it is often said somewhat pityingly of others—“he was too good for his own good.” He was readily imposed upon, and easily misled. His good humor precipitated him into the extremes, and his fun-making caught him in the traps. He laughed and joked himself clean into the Gaza jail. Now, it is all right to be a wit—an intelligent satirist or humorist. Henry IV. was gay and full of jests even in battle. Cicero, Horace and Juvenal could not repress their playful raillery. Piron was a bundle of wit. Sterne, Rabelais and Wieland were overflowing with comical conceptions. Rev. Dr. Peters was as full of witticisms as he was full of breath. Beecher could not help himself—he was grotesque and beautiful in all his sallies of good humor. Lincoln, who carried a nation's deepest gloom in his soul, relieved his burdens by the rare tonic of wit and pleasing talent of story-telling. It is all right to be the soul of humor, and the centre of attraction in a circle of friends—but it is a burlesque on the strength and dignity of character to be sought after for one's buffoonery. “Call for Samson, that he may make us sport.”

The practical joker. The giant of our story brought on some most deplorable results by his foolish propensity. Not only was his wife burned, her home and parents with it, but he paid the forfeit of his own life by the hazard of his practical jokes. How many children are fatally injured by means of the mask and white sheet performance ! The college-wit continues to play the stupid jests of unloaded pistols upon his fellows ; he initiates the timid freshman by the terrors of a midnight ceremony—and many a brilliant young man has received the point of a sword, instead of the point of a repartee, because of an ill-timed sport. The fate of Gonello is well known to the practical joker. He was the favorite buffoon in the court of Nicolo III., and his jests were much sought after. The ruler fell sick with ague, and the physician recommended that his excellency be submerged in water without any notice. The generous Gonello filled out the prescription very unceremoniously one day as he suddenly pushed his royal patron headlong into the river along which he was strolling. The enraged marquis was pulled out, and the discomfited jester fled to Padua, when he was not allowed to explain. An edict demanded his death “should he again set foot on Ferrara ground.”

Gonello ventured a return, when his ruler had re-

covered health and good humor, upon a cart filled with Padua earth, pleading the jocose device that the edict could not be carried out, because he was not standing on "Ferrara ground." A tragedy followed a comedy—religion administered, the head laid on the block, the executioner feigns a flourish of the axe, pours a pail of water on the bare throat—the assembly roars with laughter. But Gonello does not stir, his head is still fast—a grim joke killed the joker.

Avoid the spirit of levity. The fun-making nature is ensnared into pit-falls, and meets its fate as it goes down the road, instead of up the road. Cheerfulness ought to maintain itself on the high plain—it has degenerated when it has fallen to the degree of levity. This spasmodic pyrotechnics of irrepressible feeling, gives no satisfying pleasure—it comes from the wrong source, and has no stability. It often disports itself at the wrong time, and prompts us to say with Shakespeare :

"Our graver business frowns at this levity."

This levity is often forced, the offspring of folly and vice. But cheerfulness is the child of wisdom and virtue always. The one is a surface agitation of good cheer for the time being—the other is a permanent habit of our nature. It is not well even to be the child of mirth—for intemperate mirth shoots the mercury of

our feelings to ecstatic heights, holds us there for a moment, and then lets us drop into the deepest melancholy. Like the lightning flash, it breaks through the darkened cloud, brightens up by its lurid glare, only to leave the sky of our being in more blinding darkness than ever before.

Samson was not only fickle and inconstant, frivolous in his pranks, and full of levity—he likewise was a punster. The inveterate punster is a nuisance. Alas for the devil's mirth that is "like crackling of thorns under a pot." It is all right to have a good time—but beware of the fun in excess. Where was Samson cracking his jokes? When lying in the lap of wanton Delilah. Maintain a Christian dignity in the presence of sinners. He passed his jests at the expense of the holy symbol—his seven locks. This was irreverence. Young man, make no puns on Scripture, nor any holy thing. It is one of the debased diversions of the thoughtless who have a humorous vein in them. It finally leaves the jester in a bad state—his own conscience censures him, and he has the constant feeling of wrong oppressing him. Behind the scenes he will say—"after all, what fools we be." It is one of the devil's ways, to turn sunny good natures into frivolous jesters. He spurs them on in their light-hearted merriment, bids for the wit in the company

of the scoffer, and the lowest places. He has his followers to applaud the humorous aspirant—and himself laughs the loudest where the young man points a jest at the soul, or death, or eternity. Satan is not always a gloomy spirit, stalking in darkness—he is likewise a jester, and wit and satire and irony are among his greatest weapons.

Catch the sunshine of religion. Samson was a consecrated man, and for all purposes ought to have been a very religious man. But he lacked saintly piety, and his good nature was not the fault of it. On the other hand, I think cheerfulness is a Christian duty. If God has endowed you with a sunny nature, do not look at the acceptance of religion as a necessary eclipse of it. You may hear it said of a young man : “He was a good fellow before he joined church—but now there is nothing in him.” It is exactly the outcome of the conviction some young converts have, that to be a Christian, is to tie up the natural qualities. No, if it is natural for you to be light-hearted and cheerful, cultivate these glorious main-springs within you to a higher order. It is the duty of religion to unfold good humor in us, to develop the cheerful mind, and to make the sunny disposition to grow sweeter and more brilliant. Shall the wicked man be merry, and the Christian be sad? What an anomaly

is that ! Worldlings find a certain joy in their forced merriments, and the lewdly wicked laugh loudly in their orgies of sin—what a shame that the Christian will not find as much delight and joy in his God ! Who likes to meet with dyspeptic Christians, and those sullen natures that would make of the church a sort of a monastery ? “ Rejoice in the Lord always ! ” The consecrated man like Samson should be full of sunshine, and unlike him, should be stable in all good purposes of life. He ought to be like the good spies, whom Moses sent to bring report from the Promised Land. He must bring the luscious clusters of joy, and urge by cheerful promises, that all his friends and associates enter the land of delights.

Yes, I am thinking of Heaven, and the sunny, cheerful natures that we shall meet there. We shall be more than consecrated Samsons there—we shall be glorified. All alloy of sorrow, gloom, and pain, shall have been pressed out of us in the crucible of death, and we shall be eternally happy spirits with God. We shall be styled “ the sunny, ”—for we shall reflect the glorious light of Jesus, who is the Sun of Heaven.

“ I know not, O, I know not,
What social joys are there !
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.”

X.

The Young Professional Man.

PAUL called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ through the will of God.—*1 Cor. 1:1*

And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.—*Acts 9:6.*

THE Young Professional Man.

We take Paul as the type of young man who succeeds in the professions. He found the right calling, and worked to the top of it. Now, that we contemplate the marvellous achievements of this missionary-hero, the wide-spread influence of his work, and the enduring power of it, we wonder that such genius of success should dwell in one single man. The three great professions are law, medicine and divinity—there are many failures in them, and we would know the reason of it.

The law is an honorable profession, and noble men

grace its ranks. In the decline of Roman jurisprudence, however, lawyers were ignorant and rapacious guides. But history places them nearly everywhere in the forefront of patriotic citizenship. They do not stand simply to plead in courts of law and equity, nor rise to an authority on constitutional and international law, nor sit as eminent Chief Justices in the land, but they likewise are patriots—founders and defenders of governments. Greece had its Demosthenese, Rome its Cicero, England its Lord Brougham, Ireland its Daniel O'Connell, France its Thiers, Germany its Bismark, America its Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln—a grand galaxy of Zenases from Moses, the law-giver, down to Christ the law-exponent.

Medicine is a blessed profession. Since the time of Æsculapius, who had become the god of the healing art, great strides have been made among the doctors. When Charles II. lay at death's door, the most noted physicians of London were summoned to his bed-side. Fourteen names were signed to the prescription. They bled him most profusely, applied a hot iron to his head, extracted a loathsome volatile salt from human skulls, and forced it down his throat—but he survived. Luke retained the stamp of his

first calling—"the beloved physician," and by this we learn how closely related the minister and physician are. For one, it is the healing of grief, and the other, the healing of disease. There was a time when three doctors met, and two were sceptics. It is the Bible-reading physician that we need in the sick-room. Not only are our doctors philanthropic, and even religious to a large degree—but many of them are the eminent scientists and philosophers of the world. A noble profession! We like to think of Dr. Holmes as a humorist. The physician dwells in the homes of darkening shadows—he might be melancholy. He daily breathes the atmosphere of suffering, and looks upon the disrobing of the pride and glory of man. He is a vast depositary of shameful ills, and their ghastly secrets he has locked in his bosom. His battle is with a mighty power—and when the king's robe, and royal sceptre even, are laid by, princely eyes and lips plead that he allow not the fearful metempsychosis to come—the fair form consigned to the loathsome clod and the inanimate dust.

The ministry is the sacred profession. The divine Master graced the holy office. Its blessings are heaven-born, and if ever the sin-fallen world shall see light again, it must come by the radiancy of the Cross and its ministry. What a noble profession to enter!

“How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.”

It is no extravagant estimate of the preacher to say—there is no domain of philosophy or science where he does not stand pre-eminent. The clergy are among the leaders in learning, in the great moral reforms, and in all the endeavors of Christian patriotism.

In point of diversity of gifts there are many Rev. Manasseh Cutlers to be found among the ministers—who was preacher, lawyer, physician, astronomer, botanist, entomologist, explorer, colonist, legislator, and who might have been on the bench of the Supreme Court under Washington. Nor is teaching as a profession to be despised—think of the great army of professors in our universities, and the greater cohorts of teachers in our free schools! Their combined influence upon the land can hardly be measured. All honor to the patient and intelligent female teachers who grace this noble calling.

We want in this day more of the right preparation for the various professions. There is a serious lack of the student in the rank and file of the three important vocations. Cicero might reply to many lawyers,

as he did to a certain Publius Cotta, who affected to be a learned advocate. Being questioned as a witness, he stupidly answered that he knew nothing about the matter. In derision of his meagre ability, Cicero interrupted: "Perhaps you think I am asking you some question in law?" It is a fact well known that the profession of medicine is disgraced by the wholesale license of quack-doctors whose diplomas are bogus and bought—and they are legion. The ministry, in this day of marvellous progress, cannot afford to ask men to its pulpit without the strictest discrimination of choice. Its weapons are forged in every school of material, moral and spiritual advance, and the preacher must be a marksman to shoot at a thousand different targets. The ministry is the encyclopedical profession, and but for the Pauls who have graduated from the great schools of the Gamaliels, could have no enlarged dignity and adornment for the claims of the gospel. We must lay stress upon the *student* for the ministry. It is the prerogative of this profession, that the preacher be the great leader in the advanced learning of the world.

Paul was called to his profession. The cry is—"the professions are crowded!" There is plenty of room at the top, if you are *called*, and have aptitude to climb. But there is too eager a disposition in the

young men to crowd into the professions. There is a certain dignity and charm of applause, that ever hang around these callings, and most young minds are fascinated by them—they covet a share of their honor. The professions are all right, if the right young man finds them. But hundreds of youths have been tempted into them, of whom it might be said, they had better learned a trade, or stayed at home on the farm.

I believe that men are naturally called to their right places, if they will but heed. A certain bent of mind, and adaptation of talent and taste will decide, “what the Lord will have us to do.” I think parents ought to assist the boy to bring this call into the clear. It hardly is a fair test that the superstitious parent would make of the babe’s early inclination. A silver dollar, hammer and book, etc., are placed before the child on the floor. Whichever it reaches for, determines the calling of life to which he is to be devoted. The youngster of course grabs the dollar every time, for it is a weakness that follows man to his old age. But when Henry Ward Beecher proved a poor help to his uncle and patron on the farm, it was a sure evidence that his calling lay not in that direction, at least. He was sent to school as the only alternative, for he surely must be good for something—and

by casting around he soon was upon the track of his calling. Daniel Webster mowed with his father in the field, and frequently during the day hinted that his scythe did not "hang" right. His father hung the scythe again and again, and at last, thinking the request a ruse for a rest, said: "Dan, just hang that scythe to suit yourself, I won't touch it again." Daniel immediately hung the scythe and snath together on the nearest apple-tree, and took a rest beneath its shade, replying at the same time, "Father, now it hangs right!" Daniel Webster was not *called* to farming, and this was his forcible protest! He however was intended to become America's great Constitutional Expounder. When Benjamin West took the hair of a cat, and made a brush to paint with, it was the clearest indication that his place was nowhere else, but in the artist's studio. You cannot force nature. You can't make a trumpet out of a cow's tail, and china-ware ought not to be used to scrape up the streets. The business-instinct is no artificial plant; it is developed, not made. It is as little created as the poetical genius of Shakespeare, or the oratorical powers of a Cicero. Young men, listen to your inner call—find your place, and work up in it.

I believe in a *called* ministry, and every young man, whom the Lord does not want there, ought not to ob-

trude with his lack of talent, and his abundance of worldly motive. This call is more than a natural inclination within us—it is a voice out of Heaven. I believe in a ministry guided by Providence, and I believe also in the business arrangements of the ministry. It is simply nonsense and unbusiness-like to say, that a minister shall refuse a good salary when his talents shine among people who have wealth to bestow. Whilst it is true that men have risen to eminence in the ministry, who have come from the most humble surroundings—yet I think the safest choice of ministers is in those, who have at least pious homes. Blood will tell, and the bad complexion of mind, and wicked tricks of heart once reigning in the blood of a family, will generally make the scamps of the holy ministry. The ministry will be all the more honored, when family-piety, family-standing, family-polish, and family-character can be brought with the young student to the honored vocation. The ministry is a holy calling.

Paul was consecrated to his profession. I believe that a good lawyer, or doctor, or teacher, in fact any man, will succeed, if he be impelled by the power of consecration. Let a man have a purpose in him, and his whole soul absorbed by it, he will turn the world upside down. Some men have consecrated themselves

to a wrong purpose, but because consecrated, see their power to evil. Think of consecrated rulers, generals and soldiers! You know the story of the Roman general who rushed into battle, to die as the oracle had indicated, in order to give his army the victory. You have read that Rome's honor was every soldier's honor, and none ever fell with wounds in his back, but always in his breast. Public characters, consecrated to an idea, have spurned cold friendships, because they would rather be right than have applause.

Does a young man love his profession, and does he take pride in the fame of it, he also will be moved to work to the crown of it. I believe in enthusiasm in one's calling of life. If you want to be a lawyer, or doctor, or minister, or any professional—be one all ablaze for the cause and work it represents. Says Taylor: "Enthusiasm is the zeal of credulity; fanaticism of bigotry." We want that mind-rapture, and honest heart-zeal that makes our vocation one of luxury and profit. We want to be active in the profession, not for the worldly emolument of it entirely, more because of our honest faith in its good for man and God.

Consecrated to the holy ministry! Sacredly set apart for the preaching of the Gospel! Thoroughly imbued with the nature and spirit of this vocation, what

can't a consecrated preacher do? Paul was thoroughly consecrated to his work--"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." His zeal carried him over land and sea, it braved a thousand dangers, endured hardships untold, and crowned itself with glory on the learned heights of Mars Hill. Not only must the ministry be consecrated to God, but also all trades, businesses and professions. The story reads well when it is said of the ancient Christians—they endured persecutions many, and were willing to be sawn asunder, and torn to pieces by wild beasts, and cut in twain by the sword, and dressed in sheep and goat skins. It is like a song of the heroes, when strains commend them for leaving their home and country to wander over the wide waters to heathen lands, or in quest of other shores where they might breathe the air of Christian liberty—all this because they were consecrated. But all our callings must be consecrated to God. When we have talent to make money we must also have consecration to give of the money we make. Not only preachers, but the good men of all professions, ought to say with Paul: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, that I may win Christ and finish my course with joy."

Paul was successful in his profession Success!

What a star is that to draw the youth, and guide him in his grand endeavors of life. I see that word written upon the banner of every enterprise.

“Eureka!” I have found it! is the exclamation of every Archimedes in the accomplishment of that thing the heart has set to do. The music of all industries, the smoke of all stacks, the whirl of all commerce, the blaze of all advertisement, the push and hurry of the vast streams of humanity, intonate and spell out that one word—success! It is the objective point of every man, woman, and child—and they who care not for it, are the drones in the hive of this active world. Bovee says: “There are none so low but they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.” Aspire to great success.

What is any profession—any calling of life, that is not crowned with success. Failure is a black tombstone over the grave of a man who dared not, and did not. It is however a poor advice to youth, when Pope incites—

“Get Place and Wealth : if possible with grace ;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.”

I like to hear that a lawyer, by his learning and skill, has made for himself a great name, and amassed a great fortune. But when he has become a sort of a legal professor, dealing in subtleties to confound the

plainest truths, and with arguments coloring the most unjustifiable pretensions, purposely conducting his clients through a maze of expense, delay and disappointment to swell his fees,—I would rather live in a haunted house, than possess his fortune. To be celebrated as a specialist in the art of healing is alike productive of a great name and a great fortune. From Hippocrates down to Jenner, down to the present celebrities of the schools of Homœopathy, Allopathy, Hydropathy, Medical Electricity and Surgery—what an array of successful physicians!

To be a preacher like Paul, learned and eloquent, and everywhere making “a great stir about that way,” is the sublimest of successes. Preachers dare not deal with the Bible as if they were dissecting a dried-up mummy. The Sacred Word trembles and drops with life—and to be a successful preacher one must preach truth of vital importance to the state and habit of the world to-day. We want 19th Century young preachers for the 19th Century times—the same old Word, but applied to the sins and needs of to-day. Luther and his gospel-preaching are the warp and woof of modern history. The Knoxes, Whitfields, Chrysostoms, Ahlfelds, Chalmers, Muhlenbergs, Jonathan Edwards’ are only equaled by the Potters, Farrars, Parkers, Spurgeons, Beechers, Talmages and Lutheran lights of to-

day. What an army of men have written upon their ministerial work that grand word—success! And yet another plalanx is coming on, marching toward the conquest of the world for Christ the King.

Paul was rewarded in his profession. It is a satisfaction to have received some tangible benefit from the long work of one's life. Perhaps the lawyer may say—"I have my reward!" as he looks to his beautiful mansion which hangs so gracefully from the hillside, and thinks of the wealth and luxury that are stored within. Yet to count up, how many innocent ones have been saved from the jail and gallows, how many helpless ones have been protected against an unjust robbery, and how many victories have been gained by him for the purity of legislation at home, and in the higher courts abroad—that I think would be additional reason for the outburst, "I have my reward!"

The physician, like a Pasteur, may find his name and picture in every journal of the world, and his vanity might be satisfied with such a monument of universal fame. But can he not think of the untold agonies of the rabies, and marshal the army of unfortunates he has saved from raving death, and in the ecstasy of a true philanthropist, exclaim, "This is my reward." Yes, the doctor has a mission which the

Saviour himself endorsed by his miracles of mercy upon the afflicted. Every day he meets some monument of his skill in his path of duty—and it must thrill him to know—that here, there and yonder, he has been the preserver of life.

The minister deals with the inner world. His mission is soul-saving, the grandest work on earth. He is something of a tangible personality, of like nature with man, standing as a mediator between the soul on earth, and the God in Heaven. What a comfort to the sorrowing and the dying, to feel the hand and hear the prayer of a guide who has mighty influence with the throne of the Omnipotent. Glorious is this vocation ! Would that our young men might see the beauty of the holy office, and be moved to stand in the ranks of the prophets and the Pauls !

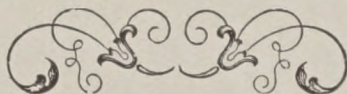
“ Lord of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in our way,
And speak the holy Word :
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful grace afford.

Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood :
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower ;

To them a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.

So may they live to thee alone :
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done !"

And take their crown above :
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ,
In praise, and bliss, and love."



XI.

The Young Man at His Trade.

Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary?—*Mark 6 : 3.*

THE Young Mechanic !

Young man, accept my congratulations that you have learned a trade. I see that you are well-clad, of robust health, and carry yourself with happy mien—indeed, I think you are, in many respects, the most fortunate of those who toil for a living. You finish your work, draw your salary, go home to your family—and leave the great business-world to the clash of its rivalries and worries.

Many a young man thinks a trade beneath him, and he aspires to be a gentleman, a professional, or one who would carve his way through the world by his wits. His ignorant pride plays shy of one of the most lucrative, honorable and enjoyable spheres of human activity. I am amazed as I look over this land,

which history tells us, a short time ago was a wilderness, and see what skilled labor has done. The prairies have been reclaimed, the forests subdued, and from the sea-washed beach of the Atlantic to the surges of the Pacific, the woodman's axe has leveled the way for the march of persevering, unyielding, triumphant labor. Look at this panorama of blooming villas, towns and cities ! Listen, to the trumpet-tones from hill and valley, which speak of the value and dignity of labor !

The professional theorizes, and the best he can do with his thoughts is to bind them into books. But the mechanic materializes thought. He brings up the ore from the bowels of the earth, dashes it into the fiery furnace, draws it out under the hammer, and moulds it to his will ; he fells the mighty oaks of the forest, slashes them under the buzzing saw, and then applies them as he wills ; he breaks off from the rocks the rugged blocks, and breathes outlines of beauty upon them by hammer and chisel just as he wills—so he masters every material thing, and catches every known element, and shapes them into most exquisite thought, and calls them house, bridge, boat, engine—and a thousand things.

You remember the legend, how Solomon made a feast for his artisans. At the unveiling of the throne

a giant, a muscular smith, had usurped the seat of honor, and nonchalantly rested on his ponderous hammer. The artisans murmured, and rushed upon the presumptuous intruder to slay him. "Stop!" cried Solomon, "let him speak!" The smith calmly essayed to reply: "Most noble king, to thy feast thou didst invite all the artisans but me. What could these have done without me? I fashioned all the tools that built thy temple." The king answered: "Right! give the highest seat to the smith!" So since the time of Tubal-Cain, we love to linger by the moaning bellows of every smithy, and do honor to the skillful forger, as he shapes the tools of the mechanic amid a thousand flying sparks.

Picture the Saviour learning his trade of carpentry. With hammer, plane and saw, he worked at his father Joseph's bench. The sweet-smelling wood melted into bits of shaving all around Him, as He fashioned, with those divine hands, some earthly article of convenience. There is a fascination about the work in wood that appeals to every one. Put the plane to a fine-quartered oak, and a grain that baffles the artist's brush comes forth, and an aroma that defies the best solution of the chemist fills the air.

Christ placed dignity on handicraft. When the Prince of Heaven put on the Carpenter's apron, He

dignified the mission of the mechanic. Where in all the world is the calling of the artisan more honored than in America? Among the Greeks and Romans mechanical industry and art were productive of models for all subsequent time—and yet the mechanic there was classed among the slaves. Among the ancient Germans the great feudal lords collected on their own estates the skilled artisans—but they were not freemen, all bondsmen. So upon the “collegia” of ancient Rome followed the “trade-guilds” of mediæval times, and after the pattern and spirit of these, have arisen the “labor-unions” of to-day. It has been a long battle for the establishment of the dignity of labor. The ancient empire of Rome, when subdued by the fierce German, gave its less-tutored master the mechanic, and along with him civilization. If in the wake of the mechanic came civilization, in the wake of Christ came the *dignity* of the mechanic. All artisans ought to belong to the Christ-guild—for it was the Prince from Heaven who learned the trade of carpentry, and thereby gave the impress of divine dignity to all handicraft. Upon whom has the church and the doctrines of Christ more claim than upon this very young man who belongs to the class known as mechanics?

The dignity of labor! Let the artisan stand erect!

Need he bend the knee, bow and cringe to the nod of Pride? His arm of iron made the world a garden of beauty. It stretched a Moses' rod over the wide sea, and subdued its waves to the mastery of the keel. It stretched its wand over mountain-heights and desert-glades, and made them musical with industry, and fruitful of comforts and joys—then why should this noble man, this mechanic, stoop to the soil he has taught to bloom, or fall before chance of tinselled birth—that he feeds and clothes?—let him stand erect!

The Creator himself originated the school of mechanics. The world is planned and framed with mechanical and art-exactness. Skilled genius, and all ornamental designing is modeled after the perfect workmanship of God. Every mechanic is a sort of a little creator. This is not the day to disparage the guild of artisans. Lycurgus was wrong when he thought that he had procured a great happiness for his countrymen by forbidding them to exercise any mechanic trade. Such vice-breeding leisure could stand it for awhile where fortunes were of no account, and where the *Helotes*, who tilled the ground, were answerable for the produce. But to attain to dignity, independence and happiness to-day, a man must be something, and he is not the least, when he is a mechanic.

Handicraft!—the dignity of the skillful products of the Hand! How beautifully has Sarah Jane Hale expressed it—

“ The hand,—what wondrous wisdom planned
This instrument so near divine!
How impotent, without the Hand,
Proud Reason’s light would shine!
Invention might her power apply,
And Genius see the forms of heaven,—
And firm Resolve his strength might try;
But vain the Will, the Soul, the Eye,
Unquarried would the marble lie,
The oak and cedar flout the sky,
Had not the Hand been given!

Art’s glorious things that give the Mind
Dominion over time and space,—
The silken car that rides the wind;
The Steel that trackless seas can trace;
The Engine breathing fire and smoke
That Neptune’s potent sway hath broke,
And sails its ships ’gainst wind and tide;
The Telescope that sweeps the sky,
And brings the pilgrim planet nigh,
Familiar as the Sun’s pale bride;
The microscopic Lens which finds
On every leaf a peopled land,—
All these that aid the mightiest Minds
Were wrought and fashioned by the Hand!

Christ's example teaches that it is well for every young man to have a trade. The Saviour was obedient to the Jewish custom, that every boy learn a trade. Paul, though rich and expecting to become a professional, learned tent-making. It is the idea of every typical German family to-day, that the sons have mastered some branch of handicraft. It is a good custom, and one full of philanthropic fore-sight. Peter the Great learned ship-building, and by marshalling an army of mechanics, more than by an army equipped with sabers, he lifted up Russia to greatness.

What a lofty thought is inspired by the picture of the heavenly King in human garb, at fashioning some household article out of the cedars of Lebanon! Was He not with God when worlds were made?—constellations and worlds! Was it not his voice that spoke “in the beginning,” and light, hills and valleys, seas and rivers, fishes and birds, beasts and man—wonderful man! were made? Yes, and now that mighty Genius condescends to teach us by His own hand, that it is part of the duty and nobility of man to continue work where God left off. What would money be worth, or would money be at all?—if the skilled hand of man were not trained to utilize the raw material of things that God has made for the creations of inventive genius? The ore represents

wealth—but it is not wealth until the artisan's skill has breathed upon the shapeless iron and brass and gold and silver; the coal represents wealth—but not until the artisan's skill has transformed it into little diamonds, and carburetted hydrogen and other uses; the dead clay is wealth—but not until the artisan's skill has kneaded it into building-blocks, and receptacles and ornaments; the waving forest is wealth—but not until the artisan's skill has cut, and carved, and fitted it into ten thousand articles of use and beauty to the world. Where shall we stop? Every sound, every sky-ascending smoke, every material outline that stretches along the surface of the earth or rises above it, is the demonstrated fact, that the world could better do without the scholar, than without the mechanic. A factory humming and rattling with tiers of machinery, a merchant's emporium winking and waving with gay fabrics, a jeweler's case flashing with brilliant gems and ornaments of exquisite design—why the house without and the house within, the house above and the house beneath, tells us that one mechanic is of more use to the world than ten thousand millionaires, if no mechanics were to be had. Kings need you, my young artisan. The Emperor Charlemagne would not have been half so great but by fostering the mechanic arts. Napoleon would not

have succeeded in war; Solomon would only have been wise, but never the builder of the wonderful Temple.

The Saviour knew that his example at the workman's bench would not only stand for the skill of the hand—but for civilization and morality and Christianity. If this is the need of the science and skill of mechanics—then there is need for every young man to learn a trade. How many boys of poor families grow up in neglect of this duty and privilege. No trade—they have nothing, and will ever remain nothing. The more young men learn a trade, the safer will be the country. It won't do to raise an army of idlers. A producer is always more of a man than a consumer. A mechanic has a safe-guard to his morals by his trade. No trade? It is well enough, as long as you have money, and can go into business. But business can be burned out, and money can take wings—and then you have nothing, if you have no trade. A trade is fire-proof, and never goes into bankruptcy. Some in this world must have brains—but more must have brains and skill. O, the army of mechanics! Hear the “noon-whistle,” and soon the streets swarm with hurrying men to catch meal and time—the thoroughfares are black with smiling and happy mechanics. Pay-day! There is a potency in that day—a

red-letter day, and all business revolves around the dollar of the mechanic.

Christ learned the trade of his father Joseph. In East India no man is allowed to relinquish the trade of his forefathers—it is hereditary. This singular system also prevailed among the ancient Egyptians. There are five classes—Brahmins, soldiers, husbandmen, mechanics and pariahs. The persons of the last caste are the scavengers of the town. All these classes are separated from each other by insurmountable barriers; they are not allowed to inter-marry, to live or to eat together, and whoever transgresses these rules is banished as a disgrace to his tribe.

What a paradise is America for the mechanic! There is no caste here—and the artificers are not a class exclusively to themselves. The greatest emoluments, and highest gifts in the bestowal of a nation, are within the reach of handicraft here. The mechanic is a freeman in choice of calling, and in all efforts to social and material greatness. He leads to the altar, if he will, the daughter of his employer; he builds himself a house, if he can, in the finest avenue of the rich; he enters the best of society, by his own cleverness, and if he has talent and success to crown him, the most fastidious will court his favor. If the mechanic becomes the skilled manufacturer,

and the manufacturer becomes the great capitalist, he has a passport of honor everywhere. The seat of rulership is open to his aspirations. How well-known are the achievements of these men!—Hon. Henry Wilson the shoemaker seated in the United States Senate; Hon. William D. Kelley the enameller, risen to Attorney Generalship and Congressman; Cornelius Vanderbilt the ferryman, grown into the “Railroad King;” Jay Cook the book-keeper, developed into America’s great Banker; Horace Greeley the printer, revered as the father of the *Tribune*; Wm. Lloyd Garrison the printer, honored as the anti-slavery champion; Ezra Cornell the machinist, immortalized as the founder of Cornell University; Matthew Vassar the brewer, immortalized as the founder of Vassar College; Andrew Johnson the tailor, exalted to the Chief Executive of the nation; Ulysses S. Grant, the tanner, the General-in-Chief of the Army and the illustrious President of the United States—these, and more of our American mechanics, have been crowned at home and abroad, with the most conspicuous honors.

That the Saviour learned the trade of his father Joseph, may have been purely accidental—but trades handed down in families, from father to sons and to grandsons, is not altogether an evil. Young men

may as well inherit the mechanical tastes and skill of their fathers, as the peculiar physical contour and soul-temperament. A parent often builds up a great business by the inpress of his mechanical genius, and the son who has been in the school with his father, could hardly do better, than take up the honors of "the house" and carry them yet higher. In Christ's time there was not the same choice of trade as now—and it is one of the great prerogatives of the modern youth, that he can select the trade best suited to his talents and taste.

Christ taught that a mechanic is the best of citizens. When the critical observers of His day saw the intelligence, wonder-works, and loyal-bearing of the humble Galileean, they startled with the inquiry: "Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary?" The mechanic's industry and creative-skill is at once a guarantee of a peaceful and contented citizen. Besides, where do the great inventors come from, who help the progress of labor and national prosperity so wonderfully? If James Watt had not nursed his mechanical dexterity by manual-training, I doubt if ever he would have become the improver, and nearly creator of the steam engine. Sir Isaac Newton laid the foundation of his greatness, when as a little boy he applied his saw, hammer, hatchet, and chisel to the building of a toy-wind-

mill. The applied motor-power in the use of the mouse to run his mill when the wind did not blow, and the ingenious water-clock, which, by winding, dropped water for twenty-four hours and propelled the wheel, were already the incipient elements of that philosophy and mathematics that worked out the wonder-theory of gravitation. From Noah down to Archimidese, and down to the mighty Corlisses of to-day, we have had many in the ranks of handicraft who rose to be literary-guides, statesmen and rulers. The biographies of self-made men are numerous, and they read with the zest of fiction. I love to think of the mechanic as a patriot. In Boston the carpenters defied starvation, and would not build the barracks for the British army. In Philadelphia they invited the Continental Congress to leave Smith's tavern and make their sittings in the now historial Carpenter's Hall.

When Christ plied his tools at Nazareth, and fashioned material-buildings—He was already at fashioning some other kinds of structures. He was at building the family-altar, the church-altar and the mercy-seat. When He left this earth He spoke as a builder-mechanic—"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you." The higher mechanics are not shown in the design of the fine palace,

with its chiseled carvings, attractive adornments, and marvellous appliances—they are shown rather in the building-up of a Christian life. Here Christ is truly the master-builder. Under Him we lay the foundation, and raise the superstructure of character. Oh! that the spirit of our dear Saviour might go with the workman to his bench! Then whilst he builds an earthly house, he also would build a spiritual house.

In Heaven the mechanical genius of man is purely contemplative. The mansions there are built—all completed. All of invention in machinery, and of appliances in power, and genius in iron, or wood, or stone are no more needed. God, who made the universe to work in its myriads of laws, not to vary a hair-breadth, has also made Heaven to begin, where the genius of man has ended. There we lay aside our trade, and become the children of God. In Heaven the artificers will stand amazed—

“ The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd ; and the work some praise,
And some the architect : his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes.”

XII.

The Manly Young Man.

Quit you like men—be strong!—*1 Cor. 16 : 13.*

MANLINESS of character!

When David came to die, he gave his parting word to young Solomon: “Be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man!” The history of this illustrious son and king is well-known to you,—what a thrilling picture we might draw! But we will set him aside, and discuss those elements of manliness which Solomon did not altogether have, but which every young man should have.

Pope has said—“Happiness is our being’s end and aim.” This saying grasps the problem of life, and with one master-stroke solves it. Originally all things were designed for man’s happiness. The question with him must ever be—“how can I make others and myself the happiest?”

The Epicurean philosophy makes pleasure or happi-

ness the supremest good. "Whilst we live, let us live," is their creed. We reject the sensual idea upon which the ancient built that motto, and adopt it within Christian boundaries. To live whilst we live, we must be endowed with certain great elements, and attain to the highest condition of living. Life is the offspring of divinity, and its threshold seems adorned with a beauty let down from Heaven. Some, however, pass through life as blind Nydia walked through Pompeii; as the slave did, chained to the conqueror's chariot; as the reeling drunkard does, half in jest—half in earnest. The Christian philosopher throws the light of his soul upon all things—he draws lessons from every side.

Young man, what do you think is the condition in which the highest satisfaction of life is attained? Let me answer you—the highest test of true life lies in character. It lies not in any accident of social or family circumstance, it is not found in anything around you. Every man's the centre of the world, and he draws darkness or sunshine about him. Manliness of character is the highest achievement of human existence. In your youthful ardor, you may aim for many things—not for this; for many things—at the risk of this.

Pray, what is character? The sum of qualities which one possesses as over against another. In the

foundation of it, you must place the mental, moral, and spiritual quarry-stones. It is not what the phrenologist is pleased to style it—"the indices of character," as found in the colors of the eyes, and hair and skin. We are not speaking of peculiarities of temperament—but of moral qualities. We find one man, a shark, who like the vulture, lives on the misfortunes of others. We find another—the voluptuary, whose manhood is no higher than his stomach—a sort of a gastronomic machine. We find yet another—the shiftless fellow—who dissipates talents and opportunities. We find also the silly-fellow—evaporating with softness and void of sterling sense. So we might enumerate many who have eccentricities, idiosyncracies and idocrasies, but no manliness of character.

There is a mistaken notion concerning character. It is not inherited, as an estate is. We find young men who stand on the pedestal of a distinguished ancestry. I would not speak disparagingly of the pride a son may have of a noble father. But it is not safe to peer back too far along the line of one's lineage. Some of the fastidious Four Hundred of New York might be loath to find a forefather a mechanic, or farmer a wood-sawyer. Only the Nathaniel Bowditches could have the manly-grit to point to the scholarly achievement—the translation of the

“Méanique Clèstè,” and say—my father was a cooper. Many of us, who are more than ordinary, might discover some grand-parent to have been hangman. Wealth has the tendency to throw a blinding tinsel over character. It is a grand spectacle to see a young man carve out a fortune. But it is easier to acquire money than character. In the estimation of the better thinking world, there is one thing more valuable than property, or office, or station—it is character !

This word *manliness* comes from the same root that virtue comes from. With the Romans it meant courage—heroism. The foundation of manliness is strength. Physical-strength is only so many pounds of beef, held together by the tension of so many cords of muscle. The ancients laid stress on the prowess of the outward-man, and the boat and foot-races are among the higher culture of colleges to-day. Strength and courage do not always unite in the physicial development of the giants. The Goliaths are often the weakest in battle—they succumb before loss, and conscience, and sickness, and death. The strong mind is often not supplemented by feelings. So-called heroism is too frequently the spur of excitement. The source of strength is—God in man. It is different stuff that made the moral-heroes and the Christian-martyrs. Character-building is to be con-

templated like some ancient temple. Man is a temple for the indwelling of divinity. You may talk of that temple—its grace and symmetry and carved friezes and painted ceilings and sculptured niches and overwhelming grandeur—but you look for the pillars that hold up the structure. When you have done with contemplating the external graces of character, ask for the pillars and beams that compose this moral and intellectual structure.

Heartiness. I conceive the first fiber in the make-up of a manly young man to be—heartiness. It is robustness of soul. Robustness implies to be made of oak. We would find compactness and toughness of intellectual, moral and spiritual fiber. We select some oak out of the forest, that looks healthy on the outside, but in cutting into it, we are disappointed—it lacks heartiness. You imagine great things of man by outward promise, but you discover his heart unsound. “A sound mind in a sound body,” the saying goes. A diseased soul will disclose by the speech of the mouth, the offensiveness of life within.

Who is nature’s nobleman? It is he who carries his heart in his hand. These fibers of true heartiness may be defined. There is *honesty* of character. Give me the young man who has early learned to stand above false fashion, and the marbleized breeding of

demeanor—who is fearless to love and to hate. Who is deep like Lake George, and yet transparent to the pebbled bottom. There is *simplicity* of character. The broad common-sense of the world hates artificiality. It is one of the weaknesses of the upstart to indulge in pretense and make-believes. It is a mean thing to cover up one's birth, only because humble,—and to hide one's station in life, just because it may lack eclat. Be honest and plain John every time, rather than the sycophant. There is *cordiality* of character. Give me the young man who has warmth and liveliness of feeling, who glows with ardor in his profession, and has sincerity of purpose. I like to grasp his hand—it imparts mercurial spirits; his very presence is invigorating. Let him be a spring-tree—full of sap and freshness.

Self-Reliance! The second fibre in the make-up of the manly young man is—self-reliance. Trust thyself!—let that be the opening sentence to every young life. Man has no duplicates—he is found but once in the world. Two mistakes are made by the young man—he is either too modest or too confident. The one will not move the world in any direction, the other will be impetuous enough to roll it over a precipice.

Young man, be not timid or apologetic. Modesty

is the charm of the female. Will you not dare to say—"I think!" and will you every-time rush away to certify by the authority of others? Self-reliance is the ingredient of manliness. Men of self-reliance and original methods have made history. The highest merit in Moses, Plato and Milton lies here, that they have set aside tradition, and have spoken what they thought. We often dismiss our own thoughts, just because they are our own.

Be only yourself. Never imitate. The gift in you is of a life's cumulative force—adopted talent is only half-possession. Shakespeare and Washington, and Bacon, and Franklin and Newton did not know any master, and they are great only in the one thing in which they differed from all the rest of the world. In the great acts of life we imitate none, we are ourselves only—we trust and hope in ourselves. We can't always conform to the customs and ideas of our age—we must be willing, like Paul and Luther, to be misunderstood, if we would be useful and great. The young man must not lose faith in himself if he has failed in his first attempt—he must keep actively at stirring, doing something at least. He makes life count in the end. Emerson has described the great man: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own;

but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Steadfastness! The third fiber in the make-up of the manly young man is—steadfastness. The burlesque of human character is the man of many opinions. He is jack of all trades, and has to his credit a long catalogue of miscarriages. You never know when you have this man. If you chance to get him in hand, it is only a question of a little time, and he will have shifted aside again. Of him we must say, in the language of that man, who ran along the street pell-mell with a band-box in hand. "Hold!" some cried after him—"what's your hurry?" "Don't stop me!" he cried—"I have a bonnet in the box here for my wife, and I am afraid it will be out of fashion before I get home." Yes, he stands on the cross road, confused with irresolution. He is a weather-vane, the creature of circumstance, and stands always in the direction the whims blow him.

Give us men of Sir Roderick Dhu's stripe—

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly,
From its firm base, as soon as I!"

We want men of aims and purposes in life, men who have the resolution and steadfastness to carry them out. Take a hundred college students—twelve

are a success in life. You see no difference in scholarship or talent whilst within the folds of their alma-mater—they are abreast at graduation. At the end of the race of life, twelve have outstripped their fellows, and covered themselves with glory. The cause is this—the laggards lacked resolution, application and perseverance. Concentrate on one thing—and make that the business of your life.

A firm conviction of truth! This element of life has woven immortal crowns. It has made martyrs, and given to the Church a Paul, a Luther, a Wesley, a Knox. This is the power against the world.

Aggressiveness! The fourth fiber in the make-up of the manly young man is—aggressiveness. An army advancing upon the enemy is fighting in the line of aggression. To be a man, one must have the courage of aggressiveness. It must not, however, be the spirit of the pugnacious-boy, who is always ready to pummel the first lad who comes along. Make the first attack. The world must be reformed—have the moral courage of invasion.

The turning-points of history were times of aggressiveness. Savonarola, the fiery-monk, swept everything by his uncompromising eloquence. He even expelled the Medicis from Italy. It is an example of the courage of one's convictions. Some there

be, who would rather sell out manhood than stand up for a just cause. This is the sphere of manly development. Circumstances and opportunities are not altogether needed to make great men—great men make circumstances and create opportunities. Resolute men are not swayed by obstacles or unforeseen difficulties. These accidents might strike temerity into some—but they only infuse the resolute with greater energy. Action is necessary to the development of the man. By overcoming he acquires elasticity of spirits, and it helps to all success. The world is in Satan's hand—go forth to conquer. The divine Master was aggressive.

Power of Repose! The fifth fiber in the make-up of the manly young man is—power of repose. Be calm, composed—ever in the patient attitude of waiting. The spirit of the world is impatient—now or never! Man proposes by one bold stroke, by one grand speculative plunge, to make a fortune. He affects to become a scholar, and anticipates intelligence through the most ordinary channels. Look at the go-ahead pressure of society. Why, the busy man has hardly time to eat and sleep. He takes so little time to live, that he scarcely lives at all. We are simply railroading it through life.

A great force of character is to remain quiet and

submissive. Real strength is this—to restrain oneself in order to do or take, out of the assurance of something greater beyond ; not to be precipitous in the disclosing to the world of any good ; to contain oneself in calm discipline. Let us marshal some of the historical characters. Columbus was tantalized, neglected, and repulsed by the minions of office—and he waited with prayerful reserve for ten years. Copernicus had ready the solution of the greatest problem of astronomy—his, “*Revolution of Celestial Orbs*”—yet he reserved the publication of it until the world was ready to receive it. Galileo was imprisoned for his doctrine of the motion of the earth ; he externally submitted, kneeled before the inquisition, signed off, but whispered aside—“it moves nevertheless !” Keely’s motor, has created a school of patience ; here is power of repose—and the world awaits the secret of perpetual motion. Christ was in a waiting attitude from the 12th to His 23d year. He was conscious of ability to do—but He had the power of repose. Bunyan and Baxter waited. How in the bitter trials, and wicked aspersions of life, have souls been waiting for vindication ! We have heard of the patient repose of mothers—they prayed and waited.

Power of Reserve ! The sixth fiber in the make-up of the manly young man, is—power of reserve.

This is keeping back strength. You see a horse on the race-track. He dashes along with graceful ease, and there is a restfulness in the grace of his motion. He is not spurred by the whip—you feel, that horse has much speed in reserve. The majestic eagle, in his easy sway of ponderous wings, indicates to us that he can soar yet higher. Two men lift a weight; the one puffs, lifts and blows, the other just lifts and easily walks away—power of reserve. The orator raises his voice into full and rounded tones—but you feel that this Webster has much volume held in reserve.

O the manliness of such a power in oneself. It bespeaks depth and solidity of character. Some men disappoint you—they very soon are exhausted. You approach them with much expectation of what lies in reserve within them. But soon you discover their limitations. You plunge into them, expecting that they are an Atlantic, you find that they are a pond, with shallow waters and contracted shores. In looking around to find examples, demonstrating this element of character, I find Gowen among railroad magnates, Napoleon among generals, and Bismark among statesmen, to have had wonderful power of repose.

Sacrifice! The seventh fiber in the make-up of the

manly young man, is—sacrifice. Because of the prevalent evil of selfishness in the world, many Pestalozzes, with cynical sneer, pass the judgment: “I learned that no man in God’s wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man.” It is true, in a large measure of all of us—that we draw a line around us, and like the tortoise settle there, draw our heads into our own houses, and let the world about us take care of itself. With Sheridan we describe our feelings:

“ I ne’er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me ;
I ne’er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.”

This idea of sacrifice means, to be lost for the sake of obtaining something. This self always wants to be present and foremost—it hands in its claims first. It can’t endure denial for the hour, in order to gain the prize of the future. It clamors for present gratification.

Sacrifice implies a willingness to lose for the sake of others. Be not a narrow-minded, bigoted, selfish dwarf of humanity. Rather be large-hearted, public-spirited, benevolent, and philanthropic. Be a benefactor of the race—a Howard and Wilberforce in all ranks. To be a great man, one must not live in the narrow circle of self—but must expand and become

enlarged. Paul divested himself of the hard shell of selfishness, clothed himself in the garb of purest motive—"For to me to live is Christ."

Now young man, take with me a retrospective glance. Let us gather up these seven fibers, and bind them into one—what a hearty, graceful roundure of manhood! We care not for outward proportions, the man lies within. On the outside, only a bundle of clay—perhaps much clay, and little man; or little clay, and much man. Clothe this man with the panoply of these seven elements of character; set him out flat-footed on the earth, and then challenge the world, if you will, for a grander spectacle of admiration—he is the most magnificent handiwork of God! All the world comes out to see such a man. Nor is the world niggardly. It brings its wreaths of congratulation and praise, and casts them at his feet, in honor of the Manliness of Character in that young man.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."





Grace Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa.





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